

TOC H JOURNAL

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Communications for next month must reach the Editor not later than the 15th of this month

AN OPEN LETTER TO TOC H FOR 1929

MY DEAR EDITOR,—

This is in the nature of an Open Letter ; I shall quite understand if it becomes a Rejected Address.

Brooding upon men and things, I believe that we ought to dedicate each year to some main issue. I do not mean, of course, that other multifarious responsibilities should be abandoned, or duties deserted and let down. But rather that we should make some experiment as unitedly as possible in a particular direction ; and pool the results from time to time during the year's advance, in the hope that we shall thus achieve a capacity for concentration hitherto impossible.

I.—Now I submit that the problem of *Transport Workers*, especially in the newer forms of transport, is well-nigh paramount. There has sprung into existence since the war a vast network of road transport, the equivalent of a mercantile marine continually at sea in weather-beaten little ships. It is said that one hundred thousand men are now adrift upon the English roads in lorries and steam-waggons, day and night. Thousands, of course, are in the employment of great haulage and transport companies. Thousands more operate independently, and with little combination among them. They live for the most part in their lorries ; and are excluded from benefits of any welfare scheme whatever. They are the slaves of mercantile mobility, and see their homes but seldom. My own knowledge of them is desperately inadequate, and comes mainly from trying to make friends with them at night on Tower Hill ; whence, however, police regulation of traffic has now of necessity exiled them. I do not know the first thing that should be done about them ; but my suggestion is that we should study the problem corporately, and endeavour to arrive at some solution by the end of 1929.

It may be that another Mission, like the Missions to Seamen, should be created to cater for them. It may be that outside each town a self-supporting lorry park equipped with huts and beds and baths and ever-ready food, and a welcome in the name of a disciple, should be provided. I am at least quite certain that an issue affecting so large and heterogeneous a body of workers should not be left untouched by Toc H. And it is just the kind of study which every Branch and Group could assist by local investigation and report. These men are touchingly grateful for the slightest sign of friendship shown them, and would make ideal implosions on an all too normal Guest-night. Membership, of course, should be jealously guarded ; but commendations could be readily given from Branch to Branch.

I do not of course propose that our aim should be limited even to this large body of men. There are many other areas of transport workers too little represented in Toc H. But the lorry driver is peculiarly remote, and feels himself and his great beast to be a blot upon the English landscape, his duty an impediment to our pleasure. The faith of comradeship is in him, as has been proved again and again in all too frequent accidents, where one man has sacrificed himself to save the other from a blazing waggon. Let us learn to look on them with new eyes during 1929.

* * * * *

II.—I am also wondering whether any Branches, especially those with Houses in more prosperous areas, could see their way to make an experiment in the direction of *Guest-afternoons*. By this I mean that we must surely recognise that many trades and callings give a man freedom in the afternoon, and duty in the evening or at night. Few journalists, for instance (unless sent there on duty) can attend the ordinary Guest-night. The same is true of many shopkeepers; of most men-servants and club staff; and of many others as well. Little or nothing is done for these men, or with them.

How then can they keep in touch with the main Movement? Would it not be possible for a Group here and there to inaugurate an afternoon attempt which might include them? If so, now is the time, before the daylight returns in reality. We all know that among these varied types of men whom I have named, and many others, there stand great numbers who would greatly exercise a true stewardship of their spare time if they were shown the way. My suggestion is that a House here and there should be thrown open to them occasionally in the afternoon, after a careful canvass. A very early tea-cup, say at 3.30, should be provided, and the main proceedings last from four till five o'clock. We should of course expect to learn from failure at the first, followed by something better.

Here, once again, I have not worked out details. I simply want to put the ball well into the scrum. Nothing could be more absurd than that we should ignore whole classes of the community, and lose their strength thereby. Many Movements have ceased to move through living too much on the level ground; and have been driven in ill-becoming blinkers for fear that they should shy at strange social imaginings.

We all know that when, after the Dark Ages, men began to move once more freely and frequently from place to place, and from country to country, the Spirit of Christendom provided the means whereby such movement should be consecrated. The Church did not then forbid mobility; it was rather the champion and pioneer, constructing and consecrating the life of the wayfarer. Assuredly it is now too late for the Church to frown upon mobility, or passively to allow those whose duties exile them from the parish system to be thereby left excommunicate, as thousands are in actuality to-day.

No less is it absurd that the churches should be shut and church work suspended while many thousands of human beings go out to their night tasks. The invention of artificial light has altered human life more than we can conceive; and the

Church's system still ignores the invention in its weekly implications. As things stand with us now, all ministers and lay workers are treated as day-time officials; and the world's business from dark to dawn is conducted without any systematic effort whatever at companionship or consecration. It is no part of the Christian Gospel that the ministry should cease to function at 10 p.m., or confine its operation to daylight. In areas where the night workers are numerous, it is surely right that a fair proportion of the clergy, and of the churches, should be available and at their service. The whole question of the proper times for worship is to my mind reconditioned by the present circumstances of civilisation. For the night worker to have to make his Communion after his supper at 8 a.m., or that he should go on duty provided with the sedative and surrendered atmosphere of an average Evensong, is a double instance to the point. The police, the street cleaners, the fish porters, the tidal workers, the newspaper world, are all of them now joined to the few watchers who once were on guard and duty in the hours from which darkness and rest are now banished. Who can believe, considering these things, that Jesus is content to have it so?

Yours always, TUBBY.

THE AUSTRALIAN BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL, 1929

BEFORE coming to the report of our Birthday Festival at home, with the problems of its organisation and the effort demanded of members who come from Scotland, Tyneside or Penzance, there is no harm in trying to picture the conditions under which Toc H Australia will celebrate its third Birthday in May. The Festival is to be held this time at Perth, the capital of West Australia. It opens on May 13 and continues until May 17—for when a man has travelled for days to get there he naturally expects more than the twenty-four hours programme of London last December. Queensland members—the furthest section of the Australian family—must start on the Transcontinental Train on May 7 in order to be in time, New South Wales members from Sydney on May 8, Victorian members from Melbourne on May 9, South Australian members from Adelaide on May 10. They are advised to travel first class, for second-class tickets only entitle them to sleeping berths and meals part of the way: the first-class “concession” fare (a big reduction on the ordinary fare) from Brisbane is over £36 and the second-class over £20; even the Adelaide member's ticket will cost him over £12 at the cheapest. “On your behalf,” says Don Cleland, in his preliminary circular from West Australia H.Q., “we have already sent invitations to Federated Malay States, Ceylon, India and Africa, our neighbouring countries.” “Neighbouring” is good: there is something optimistic and not-to-be-beat about it! Writing to the Hon. Administrator at home he says: “We aim at making the Festival as Imperial as possible. As you know, we are not very ‘financial’ and therefore we cannot, no matter how much we wish it, invite anyone from England to come over at our expense. I hope the years ahead will see this consummation achieved. We do hope, however, that perhaps someone from Toc H England may be coming this way next May. We would like you to be represented at the Festival. If there is no one coming out we can no doubt arrange for some one to represent you officially. We have indications of several visitors from Ceylon, and Africa responded wholeheartedly to the Imperial invitation but whether or not any of their men can get away remains to be seen.”

The programme will probably begin on Monday night, May 13; there will be big public nights on the Tuesday and Wednesday; “Council and Conference and other festivities” on Thursday and Friday. So save your pennies—and if you *can't* go remember very warmly in May our brethren “down under.”

THE BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL OF 1928

Readers will at once recognise that the report which follows is the composite work of several hands. It has been written at some length, in the belief that those who could not be present (that is, the majority of the Family) will be glad to know the details, while those who attended may like to be reminded of them.—ED.

DECEMBER 8 in London was a day of quiet air and wintry sun, in which the weather-washed stones of the Horse Guards or Wren's towers of the Abbey take on a mysterious beauty : rain and fog, the likely enemies to depress and delay a Festival crowd, had kept away. The great railway termini during the afternoon noticed the arrival of the Family as of a football excursion—with a difference. And newspaper reporters who daily survey the outside of Buckingham Palace, remarked that the crowd along the railings was considerably swollen by men wearing the badges and the demeanour of Toc H. For the first appointment which many of the visiting members felt bound to keep in London was at the King's bulletin ; in some cases they made for it in a body, straight from the station of arrival. The news they read was somewhat reassuring. Light-heartedly they turned their steps towards Westminster.

Soon the streets converging on the Abbey were unwontedly lively for a Saturday afternoon. Broad Sanctuary and Dean's Yard were gradually filled with happy groups of friends meeting and greeting. And then the bells above them began to peal, and passers-by to stop and ask questions. For the tumultuous sound of the Abbey bells is always stirring, because it betokens as a rule, some national concern. And is Toc H, summing up its hopes and another year of its work at its annual Festival, no concern of the Nation ?

The Service in Westminster Abbey

Before the Abbey doors opened, at the West end, the North transept, the Cloisters and at Poets' Corner, two bodies of members were busily assembling elsewhere. In the Norman Undercroft in a corner of the Cloisters the Toc H Padres were putting on the unfamiliar " academic dress " prescribed for them by the Abbey regulations. At the same time the Banner-bearers of Branches and Groups were parading " up School," *i.e.*, in the neighbouring great Hall of Westminster School. This was a busy scene and very soon presented a very fine spectacle, which had no onlookers save the handful of London members who were stewarding the banners into their ranks. Under the dark timbered roof of the hall and framed in its ancient stone walls, the banners stood, closely packed, in two parallel " half-battalions," each four ranks deep. As the bearers stood with their poles " ordered " on the floor, there was a level forest of gilded spikes, and as they lifted their banners above their faces to move off, the whole Hall blossomed into swaying waves of colour. The 250 banner poles, which easily sufficed in 1927, had been overhauled and increased to 300 by the nightly labours of Mark II hostellers. Even so demand exceeded supply, and after the last pole had been issued to its bearer and the procession was already on the move, at least two more belated and distraught bearers arrived on the scene. Not to be outdone, one of them tied his banner with string to a broken fragment of a pole, while the other entered the Abbey holding his banner in one hand, arms-length above his head : under these conditions they marched round the church in the long, slow ceremonial route during the service itself.

Within the Abbey bright light shone over rank behind rank of eager faces, while far above them the stone vault receded into an immense twilight. Nave, choir and transepts were packed in every part with the Family of Toc H and L.W.H., far more men than women. The procession of the Padres in their black gowns had passed up the wide lane in the Nave across which the congregation faced from either side, had entered the archway of the stone screen, traversed the

choir, and taken their seats in the wide central space before the sanctuary ; the banner-bearers had massed themselves near the Western doors ; Lord Plumer, walking very erect in his close-fitting field-marshal's blue frock-coat, had been ushered by a verger with a silver mace into his choir-stall ; the Mayor of Westminster with his own stout beadle bearing the City mace, had accompanied the Burgomaster of Ypres and his escort of four Belgian soldiers to their chairs at the West end ; the scarlet and white robed choir was in its places ; the Dean and the Abbey clergy stood on either side of the high altar. The organist, who had been improvising triumphantly on the themes of Christopher Ogle's *Masque* music, led at last into the splendid air of the *Hymn of Light*. The Family Thanksgiving had begun. And not only, was it remembered, under the roof of the Abbey itself, but simultaneously in three other Westminster churches—St. Margaret's, St. Andrew's and Christ Church—in which as many more again of the Family were gathered. Not only in these, but broadcast by wireless from the Abbey into thousands of homes all over the land and overseas—who shall say how widely?—where members and strangers alike were listening-in. Thus to the loud-voiced singing in the central church of the British race were added, as it seemed, countless voices all over the world—praising Divine Love—

High over all, Love sceptred and crown'd
King everlasting, splendour of light. . . .

In this *Act of Praise and Purpose* there are no tentative preliminaries. At once, in the first "Bidding Prayers," those who take part are led by swift and even dramatic steps to the heart of what Toc H is "all about." The first voice heard is that of the Precentor, standing in a glistening cope of cloth of gold on the chancel steps :—

"Albeit, He may not worthily be praised, who at this time sent Redemption unto His people, yet may we well remember His mercy and truth touching this House so wonderfully made. For he hath helped us, He hath kept us, He hath succoured us, He hath sheltered us, He hath spared us, He hath brought us to this hour."

And then, in the voice most familiar of all, deep and yet so clear that it filled the furthest corners of the Abbey, Tubby answered. Standing among the Toc H Padres, he was spokesman for the Foundation Members, the remnant of the first family in Poperinghe :—

"Once we were many ; then we were few ; then again were we many, now become a multitude ; but of the first few, how few we are who still remain ; and of that few, some now grow old, and some are but now gone to be with Him. Yet this is our witness : that once, in the wilderness of war, He prepared a table and a place of joyful gladness for the true-hearted. There, half-forgotten friends walked once again with their forgotten Master ; and, above the tumult of death, overheard a nobler music for the lives of men."

The "members of 1915-1919," so very few in comparison and scattered singly through all parts of the congregation, were much moved as they added their four words of confirmation :—

"Thus far our witness."

Words crowned with a sudden wave of deep sound as every other member present set his or her seal upon it with the testimony :—

"And we know your witness is true."

It was the turn of the "members of 1920-?" to speak :—

"Hear now our part. The Spring whereat they drank has now become a wide river, gathering from East and West, and stretching well nigh from sea to sea. We also, in our day, would learn to face trial with exaltation ; hate with love ; our passions with His most Holy Passion. We, too, would learn the stern and simple way of attaining unto Him, who dwells in stillness at the heart of energy."

And so, when every member, older and younger, had given his special witness, the Precentor could call upon a deeply united congregation:—

“Let us as one family lift up our hearts.”

Thus “bidden” to pray, the Family summed up its petitions in the first and best “Family Prayer,” saying “Our Father which art in Heaven . . .”

Starting thus in a high mood of joy and deep resolve the service went forward, never for a moment flagging, changing swiftly from praise to self-dedication, from solemn remembrance to loud-voiced thanksgiving. From first to last it bore the familiar touch which comes from Tubby’s complete understanding of the Family of Toc H, its aims and its needs. It was truly “congregational” in its splendid hymns and many responses—for the Birthday Festival is a great corporate act in the Toc H year, an act in which every individual member desires to have his part. It sounded a clear harmony with the Christian worship of all ages—but to the superficial observer, bent on verbal tradition, it could not but seem too unconventional and grossly “unliturgical.” “Admirable” (says a sympathetic newspaper) “is the supplication, ‘O make us free from softness—and yet on fire with love.’ . . . Sternness characterises the Movement, and war against unrealities and that sentimentality which is so rife to-day.” But another reporter is found writing, “The service at the Abbey seems to have been marked by great earnestness and even enthusiasm. Yet there was a curious element running through it . . . The very language was not that of Christian tradition. . . The very title of the service—it was called *An Act of Praise and Purpose*—was strange, however devout. So was the singing” (it was not sung but said, by the way) “of an apparently quite modern *Canticle of Praise* when there was so much traditional material ready to hand. While to call another new form of devotion *A Litany of Purpose* simply sounds weird. . . One can enter with all respect into the ideal of courage and self-sacrifice held up by the Association; but it is difficult to find a meaning in the rather gorgeous, but very unsatisfying, way in which its anniversary festival was celebrated.” “Simply weird”—“difficult to find a meaning”—“very unsatisfying”: so little can some of the most devout persons enter into the temper of the many thousands of young men around them to-day! It was the old, unchanging Gospel which men seek and of which they can never weary, that the Birthday service strove to set forth. There was not one thought in it which could not be constantly paralleled in the devotions of saints and seekers after God in every Christian century. Only its order will not be found in any Book of Prayer; its turn of phrase and unexpected trenchant word were often new. It expressed what its participants wanted to say, in language which, if they had themselves been articulate enough, they would have chosen. Its bold and living speech kindled their imagination—and where that bright warmth of the mind and heart fails (as too often, by the fault of minister or people, it does) worship cannot be real. This *Act of Praise and Purpose*, so far from being any disparagement of the wonderful treasure of “traditional material ready to hand,” was surely but the latest enrichment of it. That at least was the united mind of four great congregations of young men and women who were met, not to dissect a liturgy, but to use it as the instrument of their “enjoyment” of God.

The Presentation of Crosses and Dedication of the Ypres Lamp

Certain moments of the service, of course, stand out—among them, two brief and simple but significant ceremonies which followed closely upon each other. First, to the singing of—

O valiant hearts, who to your glory came

Through dust of conflict and through battle flame,

the chosen representatives of Cardiff, Coalville, Godalming, Huddersfield, Hulme, Norwich, Stockport and Wimborne Branches and of Hinckley and Rowditch Groups marched up the

central aisle from the West end to the Sanctuary steps, where Lord Plumer, with the Dean and Tubby beside him, awaited them. Very solemnly and with a separate "charge" to each, spoken so that only the recipient could hear, Lord Plumer presented the weather-worn wooden Crosses from the graves of Unknown Soldiers in Flanders to these members for their Chapels. The congregation stood motionless and very silent; the choir alone sang—

Still stands His Cross from that dread hour to this
Like some bright star above the dark abyss;
Still, through the veil, the Victor's pitying eyes
Look down to bless our lesser Calvaries.

The recipients turned about, and forming a slow procession, returned bearing their Crosses which they laid beside the Grave of the Unknown Warrior—type and foremost Elder Brother of these others—until the end of the service.

Their places before the Sanctuary were then at once taken by members of another little procession which came up from the West end of the Abbey—the Burgomaster of Ypres (M. Sobry) conducted by the Mayor of Westminster, and escorted by three representatives of the Belgian Army* who had been sent over for this duty by their Government, the Military Attache from the Belgian Embassy in London, and their Toc H *aide-de-camp*. Addressing the Dean of Westminster in French, the Burgomaster said:—

"I have the honour, Mr. Dean, to present to you this Lamp on behalf of my City of Ypres, praying you to dedicate it in memory of the Belgian soldiers who fell on the field of honour and of those their comrades of the British Army who gave their lives in the defence of the Ypres Salient."

The Dean received the silver Lamp of Maintenance from the Burgomaster's hands, and, turning, placed it on the altar, where, "by virtue of the Sacred Office in the Church of God committed to him, and in the Faith of Jesus Christ," he dedicated it "to the service of Our Lord and Master and the furtherance of his Kindom among men." As the Belgian deputation went to stalls awaiting them in the choir, the whole congregation broke the long pause, singing:—

These were His servants, in His steps they trod,
Following through death the martyred Son of God. . .

Only a small proportion of the packed congregation had been able to witness either of these ceremonies, but both, by reason of their clear simplicity, could not fail to be understood and felt by all.

The Procession

And so, with the reading of the familiar Birthday Gospel of the house founded upon a rock, which has been unvaried since the first Festival, with the offering of *A Little Litany of Purpose* and a most sincere prayer for the scattered membership "bound together across the world by the unseen chains of God's love," the service reached its rich climax of movement and music—the Procession of Banners.

It is not possible in words to convey the dignity and beauty of the picture which for a short minute or two was presented as the Abbey clergy, who had retired to vest themselves, re-issued from the doorways on either side of the altar, with its fretted gold and shimmering light. From the left came out the great gold processional cross and the Abbey's three heavily embroidered banners; from the right the Dean and Canons in their massive crimson and gold "Coronation" copes. "Why a cope at all?" (queries our earnest newspaper critic already quoted) "and why that colour, unless (with no liturgical authority) the cope was meant to recall the terrible bloodshed of the Great War?" No member of the congregation, surely, went so far in search

* These were Lt.-Col. van der Hofstadt, Staff-Major of Eastern Flanders; Capitaine Lafaut, 1st Regiment of Artillery; Adjutant (i.e. Warrant Officer) Plas, 1st Regiment of Guides (Cavalry). Col. Nerinx represented the Belgian Ambassador. Paul Slessor (Keston) acted as their A.D.C.

of an excuse for cope or colour—and it was a congregation which included every variety of opinion about vestments of any kind. These magnificent garments, the finest the Abbey possesses, seemed to chime with the festal mood of the occasion—they embodied most completely the sentence printed on the cover of the service paper: "They were all clothed in the livery of a solemn and great festivity." And so again the plain man shall be satisfied and the expert go empty away.

The choir and Abbey clergy were in their order, the Toc H padres—a company of black gowns, relieved by Dr. Ritson's scarlet doctor's robes—had fallen in behind. And now the head of a procession, so long and slow that it seemed never-ending, faced up the nave, passed through the screen and stood waiting behind the rest until the whole body should get under way. This was the train of three hundred Toc H Banners, borne two and two. While the leading files still halted in the choir an incident, unexpected, unrehearsed, and by most unrealised, took place. The oaken door of Lord Plumer's choir stall was heard to bang open and he was seen to be moving out. What had happened? Was he suddenly unwell? The next moment with a Toc H Steward helping to clear a narrow lane before him, he was pushing his way up between the files of standing Banner-bearers until he reached the front of the column. He placed himself thus at the head of "the troops," and so led Toc H on its processional march right round the Abbey. Probably few of those in the body of the church who saw Lord Plumer pass by realised that this was not "according to the book." It was a gesture of his own, most fitting and surely touching. He saw young men on the march again, as ten years before, and he must be leading them; they were to pay their homage at the Unknown Warrior's grave, and he, who had known so many such men, must be among the foremost there. Such at least seemed to be the meaning of this incident.

The processional hymn for the outward journey was "Ye watchers and ye holy ones," with that most uplifting old German tune which has taken firm hold among us. Between the verses there were long pauses filled by the improvisation of the organ upon this beautiful theme. Thus, timed so that the choir at the head of the procession had reached the central point of the dim ambulatory behind the high altar, the second verse came to the silent congregation in the voices of boys alone: it came to them from a hidden place with an unearthly loveliness. Presently as the procession came again into sight, the singing rose triumphantly from two thousand lips:—

O friends, in gladness let us sing
Supernal anthems echoing
Alleluya, Alleluya,

and the south aisle was filled from end to end with the swaying colour of the advancing banners. They turned at the West and began to return up the centre. And here, at the outset, they came to a halt, as the clergy made a station at the Unknown Warrior's grave. A voice—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant": and the deep-throated response—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And then the remembrance of our Elder Brethren—"O Thou, Who art Heroic Love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that Thy will be done."

The procession moved forward on its return journey; the scarlet cassocked choir and crimson robed canons passed through the archway of the screen as they sang:—

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto . . .

With the Toc H Prayer—"O God, Who hast so wonderfully made Toc H, and set men in it to see their duty as Thy will . . ."; a sincere remembrance by name of the King in his sickness, the Queen and our own Patron in their anxiety; and the blessing "Now the God of Peace . . . make us perfect in every good work to do His Will," the Act of Praise and Purpose was accomplished. There may be critics who will find fault with its liturgical expression—as there are

barren reviewers who will always search for misprints in the index of a masterpiece—but the conviction which must have forced itself on any stranger of good will (not to mention any member of the Family) who was present was that of Toc H as "a House not made with human hands alone" (in the words of the *Litany of Purpose*), "arrayed in health and happiness," standing "unavoidable in the full tide of noon-day, midmost where life runs strongest."

The Guest night in the Albert Hall

THERE is no need, even if it were possible, to chronicle the details of what took place in the interval between the Abbey and the Guest-night at the Royal Albert Hall. Over 3,000 members of Toc H and L.W.H. were swallowed up in a remarkably short space of time by some 30 eating-houses between Westminster and Victoria stations: in a remarkably short space of time they in turn swallowed up every eatable within reach and emerged again to gladden train after train on the west-bound Underground. The subterranean passage from South Kensington towards the Albert Hall rang with their quick march and their tumultuous singing; and in a few minutes, as it seemed, the Albert Hall was full to the brim with 8,000 people. The old songs went round; "There's a hole in my bucket, Eliza," was flung in a great gust of singing from one half of the great circumference, and "Then mend it, dear Georgie," was flung back by the other half. The huge arena itself, spread with a sandy-coloured canvas, remained empty—the "centre court" on which all eyes were later to be concentrated for nearly two hours. Only on the platform and its long steps a couple of score of London members sat and sprawled on the boards—the first actors, had the audience but known it, of the play to come. And behind them, all up the half moon of tiers from the stage to organ loft and beyond, the members of the Royal Choral Society and the Alexandra Palace Choir were gathering to the attack—400 volunteers armed with trained voices. The scene was set; the time had come. Singing broke up into a storm of applause as Lord Forster, with Lord Plumer, Tubby and a few others, escorted the Burgomaster of Ypres and his Belgian bodyguard to the platform.

Lord Forster began by a reference to the King's illness, and in response the whole audience stood for a few moments in silent petition before singing the National Anthem. He announced that the following message from them all had been sent to Buckingham Palace:—

"The family of Toc H, assembled for their Birthday Festival in the Royal Albert Hall, present their loyal and affectionate duty to His Majesty the King and desire to convey their deepest sympathy and earnest and sincere prayers for his complete recovery."

He then read, amid loud applause, the answer just received:—

"The Queen sincerely thanks the Family of Toc H, assembled for their Birthday Festival, for their loyal and affectionate greeting to the King, who will much appreciate this kind thought of him in his illness."

In introducing Lord Plumer, the Chairman said he was one of the first officers who abandoned their high rank in order to enter the old Toc H House at Poperinghe.

Lord Plumer said that Toc H was founded for the purpose of service, which many of its members had fulfilled by sacrifice. They were bound by peculiar ties to the town of Ypres and its inhabitants, and as a member of Toc H and as representative of the British Army he welcomed their Belgian friends. He added:—"In the War we greeted you as comrades in arms; we greet you to-day as brothers. Neither England nor Belgium will ever forget Ypres and what it stood for, and what it stands for to-day."

M. Sobry, the Burgomaster, replied in French that he was happy to be in the presence of one of the most brilliant defenders of the town of Ypres, and to have the opportunity to express his admiration and acknowledgments to the British peoples for the generosity and tenacity they displayed to save Belgium. He proceeded:—

"Glory to the 200,000 British heroes who saturated the Ypres salient with their blood."

of an excuse for cope or colour—and it was a congregation which included every variety of opinion about vestments of any kind. These magnificent garments, the finest the Abbey possesses, seemed to chime with the festal mood of the occasion—they embodied most completely the sentence printed on the cover of the service paper: "They were all clothed in the livery of a solemn and great festivity." And so again the plain man shall be satisfied and the expert go empty away.

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The processional hymn for the outward journey was "Ye watchers and ye holy ones," with that most uplifting old German tune which has taken firm hold among us. Between the verses there were long pauses filled by the improvisation of the organ upon this beautiful theme. Thus, timed so that the choir at the head of the procession had reached the central point of the dim ambulatory behind the high altar, the second verse came to the silent congregation in the voices of boys alone: it came to them from a hidden place with an unearthly loveliness. Presently as the procession came again into sight, the singing rose triumphantly from two thousand lips:—

O friends, in gladness let us sing
Supernal anthems echoing
Alleluya, Alleluya,

and the south aisle was filled from end to end with the swaying colour of the advancing banners. They turned at the West and began to return up the centre. And here, at the outset, they came to a halt, as the clergy made a station at the Unknown Warrior's grave. A voice—"Well done, thou good and faithful servant": and the deep-throated response—"Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." And then the remembrance of our Elder Brethren—"O Thou, Who art Heroic Love, keep alive in our hearts that adventurous spirit which makes men scorn the way of safety, so that Thy will be done."

The procession moved forward on its return journey; the scarlet cassocked choir and crimson robed canons passed through the archway of the screen as they sang:—

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto . . .

With the Toc H Prayer—"O God, Who hast so wonderfully made Toc H, and set men in it to see their duty as Thy will . . ."; a sincere remembrance by name of the King in his sickness, the Queen and our own Patron in their anxiety; and the blessing "Now the God of Peace . . . make us perfect in every good work to do His Will," the Act of Praise and Purpose was accomplished. There may be critics who will find fault with its liturgical expression—as there are

barren reviewers who will always search for misprints in the index of a masterpiece—but the conviction which must have forced itself on any stranger of good will (not to mention any member of the Family) who was present was that of Toc H as "a House not made with human hands alone" (in the words of the *Litany of Purpose*), "arrayed in health and happiness," standing "unavoidable in the full tide of noon-day, midmost where life runs strongest."

The Guest night in the Albert Hall

THERE is no need, even if it were possible, to chronicle the details of what took place in the interval between the Abbey and the Guest-night at the Royal Albert Hall. Over 3,000 members of Toc H and L.W.H. were swallowed up in a remarkably short space of time by some 30 eating-houses between Westminster and Victoria stations: in a remarkably short space of time they in turn swallowed up every eatable within reach and emerged again to gladden train after train on the west-bound Underground. The subterranean passage from South Kensington towards the Albert Hall rang with their quick march and their tumultuous singing; and in a few minutes, as it seemed, the Albert Hall was full to the brim with 8,000 people. The old songs went round; "There's a hole in my bucket, Eliza," was flung in a great gust of singing from one half of the great circumference, and "Then mend it, dear Georgie," was flung back by the other half. The huge arena itself, spread with a sandy-coloured canvas, remained empty—the "centre court" on which all eyes were later to be concentrated for nearly two hours. Only on the platform and its long steps a couple of score of London members sat and sprawled on the boards—the first actors, had the audience but known it, of the play to come. And behind them, all up the half moon of tiers from the stage to organ loft and beyond, the members of the Royal Choral Society and the Alexandra Palace Choir were gathering to the attack—400 volunteers armed with trained voices. The scene was set; the time had come. Singing broke up into a storm of applause as Lord Forster, with Lord Plumer, Tubby and a few others, escorted the Burgomaster of Ypres and his Belgian bodyguard to the platform.

Lord Forster began by a reference to the King's illness, and in response the whole audience stood for a few moments in silent petition before singing the National Anthem. He announced that the following message from them all had been sent to Buckingham Palace:—

"The family of Toc H, assembled for their Birthday Festival in the Royal Albert Hall, present their loyal and affectionate duty to His Majesty the King and desire to convey their deepest sympathy and earnest and sincere prayers for his complete recovery."

He then read, amid loud applause, the answer just received:—

"The Queen sincerely thanks the Family of Toc H, assembled for their Birthday Festival, for their loyal and affectionate greeting to the King, who will much appreciate this kind thought of him in his illness."

In introducing Lord Plumer, the Chairman said he was one of the first officers who abandoned their high rank in order to enter the old Toc H House at Poperinghe.

Lord Plumer said that Toc H was founded for the purpose of service, which many of its members had fulfilled by sacrifice. They were bound by peculiar ties to the town of Ypres and its inhabitants, and as a member of Toc H and as representative of the British Army he welcomed their Belgian friends. He added:—"In the War we greeted you as comrades in arms; we greet you to-day as brothers. Neither England nor Belgium will ever forget Ypres and what it stood for, and what it stands for to-day."

M. Sobry, the Burgomaster, replied in French that he was happy to be in the presence of one of the most brilliant defenders of the town of Ypres, and to have the opportunity to express his admiration and acknowledgments to the British peoples for the generosity and tenacity they displayed to save Belgium. He proceeded:—

"Glory to the 200,000 British heroes who saturated the Ypres salient with their blood."

Our reverence to the numerous British cemeteries. Our admiration for the imposing monument at Menin Gate, erected to the memory of the British Army, and our sincere sympathy to the pious pilgrims who visit the field where the great decision was made." Lieutenant-Colonel Hofstadt, in a fine ringing voice, also responded for the Belgian Army.

Birthday Greetings

It was the General Secretary's accustomed turn: Ronnie Grant stepped forward and read the Birthday greetings of the world-wide Family of Toc H. It is a task which naturally grows more onerous and more impressive year by year.

From AUSTRALIA, "Top" Baxter (Hon. General Secretary) cabled from *Melbourne*: "Australia greets the Family foregathered. Our Lamps burn bright, 12,000 miles cannot separate us to-night." Lord Somers (Governor of Victoria) cabled: "Heartly good wishes on your Festival from Toc H *Victoria*"; and Padre Ted Davidson: "*Sydney* sends warmest love and Birthday greetings, with special mention for dear, dirty Manchester;" and there was another cable from Sydney Toc H.

From NEW ZEALAND *Wellington* and *Christchurch* both sent greetings and a "Kiaora!"

From CANADA came greetings from Mark II (Toronto); "All Groups in *Eastern Canada*"; *Lovarna* and *Calgary* ("Canada remembers you and rejoices. Glory be!")

Going "out East," there was a cable from *Malta*, from *Alexandria* and from *Cairo*.

From INDIA came "All success Birthday—Tim Harington"; two cables from *Madras* Branch and one from *Simla-Delhi* Group. From CEYLON *Colombo* cabled comically and cryptically.

From *South Africa* Harry Ellison cabled "Toc H in South African sunshine—67 Branches, Groups and Gropes, 20 L.W.H. Groups—greet fogbound Family (in) London. Over £2,000 solidly guaranteed already for two whole-timers, and expenses, over next two years. Glory be!"; while from the Diamond Diggings of *Kimberley* came "Toc H diamonds never brighter. All pessimists threatened with consignment to our 'big hole.' With you in spirit—I.D.B. Blokes, Griqualand West." Bert Oldfield, the pioneer of Toc H, South Africa, sent: "Heartiest Birthday greetings (from the) *Eastern Province*—3 Branches, 14 Groups, 8 Groups (of) Toc Emmas,"; and *Broken Hill* cabled.

From RHODESIA *Umtali* sent greetings; and from NIGERIA, *Lagos* sent: "Heartiest congratulations. First Endowment contribution forwarded—Tochers."

The UNITED STATES cabled, "Please convey to Birthday Festival greetings from Toc H United States, gathered in *Baltimore*, December 8, under (the) leadership of Pat Leonard to recognise new Group there and commemorate simultaneously with you (the) Birthday of our fellowship in service"; while a letter from W. H. Champness (Acton) written on board the *Homerie*, homeward bound, conveyed Padre Pryor Grant's greetings on behalf of *New York*.

From SOUTH AMERICA came "Many happy returns from friends in *Argentina*. We are more than grateful" (for Tubby's recent visit); and "a goodly company assembled for Birthday celebration" in *Buenos Aires* sent good wishes.

There was a welcome cable from the Group on board H.M.S. *Ramillies*, at sea.

And from the newest field of Toc H, GERMANY, came three messages—from Harro Jensen (Marburg) one in German which read: "I wish Toc H a happy celebration of its Birthday Festival, a year rich in work and joy, and beyond that a long life of many years and decades in which it can work for the good of suffering mankind and in the service of the Spirit. Good luck!"; from Hans Arnheim (Berlin) in English: "I send you all my best wishes for the Birthday Festival, and I add most sincere wishes that your King may have a speedy restoration of his health"; from Maria Buecher (Berlin—the first German member of L.W.H.), "Best wishes to Toc H and the Family—Maria." From BELGIUM the *Ypres* Group sent "fraternal greetings."

There were also telegrams from members unable to attend from units AT HOME—"Tyne and Tees"; Belgrave; Mexborough and District; Kendal; Clacton; Cowes and East Cowes.

TOC H has sometimes been described as a Franciscan movement. St. Francis was a royal figure on the Road of Humble Service. It is meet and natural to recall him when we seek to render service. St. Francis counted the cost, and accepted it. It is inspiring to remember him when service stings and the cost dismays.

But is that all? Does the inspiration stop there?

St. Francis was a troubadour of joy, a charmer charmed by the beauty of things, a singer enchanted by the music of Life, brother to the winds and lover of little birds. Where he went, the fresh winds seemed to follow him, cleansing the torrid atmosphere of a world heated by wrong passion, awakening the energies of men soured by selfish pleasures.

Franciscan in this sense, too, Toc H has challenged the weary sickness of the world and sought to spread the infection of a gay courage. The spirit of adventurous service has not been engineered. It has come like the wind, mysteriously, joyously, sweeping the ranks of men with a power dispelling selfish carefulness and ponderous calculation. Tubby has called us "troubadours of joy." But were we all troubadours of joy in 1928? One member of Toc H, at least, must confess that he was often tempted to forget that he was a pilgrim in royal, happy company. Big dragons came in the way. These were problems—problems of organisation, problems of finance, problems of policy.

He went to the Birthday Festival, rather jaded in spirit, bruised after conflict with the dragons, prepared to make the best of it and show a brave face, do the round of hand-shaking and hectic salutation, not Franciscan, not Toc H, but propped up on crutches, artificial crutches, made in the workshops of Convention.

Thanks be to God, there came, unexpectedly, delightfully, triumphantly, a wonderful breath of pure Franciscan air which not only swept the crutches away, but brought back light and joy to the jaded pilgrim. The dragons, problems, were forgotten, and if again they should raise their angry heads, the pilgrim will no longer seek to contrive hasty weapons, but summon to his rescue that same breath of joyous Franciscan air.

If he cannot find direction, then he will turn to the Court Jester, the brave heart not afraid to wear the Motley, who gave us this second Masque, this audaciously lightsome, colourful Masque of joy and fresh air.

To any family of Toc H, disheartened or bewildered by the practical problems which, sooner or later, beset all movements; to any family feeling the danger of premature old-age or running the risk of losing the early fire of adventurous enthusiasm, he would offer the advice—give a performance of this second Masque, or something like it.

Give it, because it does much more than dramatise certain leading ideas of Toc H. It conveys an atmosphere.

* * * * *

The Programme stated that the Masque was "conceived as the aftermath of a Toc H meeting." The meeting proper ended, "as Toc H gatherings are apt spontaneously to do," with a song, during which Chairman and Guests left the platform. Two figures, however, remained—one, a young member of Toc H who had volunteered to stay behind and tidy up the stage, the other, a mysterious figure, heavily shrouded in a black cloak. Overtaken by drowsiness, the young member fell asleep. In his dream, he saw the mysterious Figure slip forward to the centre of the stage, fling wide his cloak, and disclose the arms of Ypres—"And who am I?" he cried, "The spirit of Toc H!

Lo! with an ancient City's honour dight—
Blue of the deep sky and pale silver light:
The Double Cross, blood-red, my breast doth span,
The gift of God for men, of men for man."

"Sleep," (he said to the young steward), "and in a dream behold
The fourfold essence of the thing you love;
The four-starred compass of the course you keep."

Then followed the Episodes of the Masque, each one designed to represent one of the Cardinal points of the Compass, "*To Think Fairly*," "*To Love Widely*," "*To Witness Humbly*," "*To Build Bravely*."

Because it was a Toc H Masque, it was, throughout, a study in contrasts—contrasts blended into unexpected harmony. There was contrast of grave and gay—serious, tremendously serious, tasks represented, in a mood that was almost playful, always hopeful and never depressing. There was, too, a refreshing atmosphere of spontaneity and informality which helped to maintain the spell of a Toc H meeting. The fact that the scenes were not staged on the platform alone, but on the central arena, helped to suggest this atmosphere. It was just as if a crowded meeting in a lounge at a Toc H Mark had cleared a space in the middle of the room to present an impromptu play; the spectators in the stalls represented the members crowded against the walls, whilst those in the boxes and galleries might have been members perched on window ledges!

* * * * *

Contrast began when William Penn, the Quaker colonist (whose memory is perpetuated at All Hallows, the Church of his baptism) walked on the stage in company with a Redskin Chief. They had come to ratify by handshake the famous treaty of 1682 that "the doors of the Christian shall be open to the Indian, and the wigwams of the Indian to the Christian as the children of One Father." They had come as men who had dared *to think fairly*.

What could have presented greater contrast than the scene which followed—the quaint procession of prim Quaker maids and elders, settlers in Pennsylvania in the 17th century, the peaceful silence of this meeting when they had taken their seats on the platform, then the sudden onrush of Redskin braves, creeping across the arena from all sides, swiftly, silently, then rising with fierce cries of war on their lips, to point menacing arrows at the Quaker meeting. . . .

One wanted to laugh. One did laugh! It was all so reminiscent of boyhood frolics, bows and arrows and "Redskin" escapades, and Chief Os-ke-non-ton, calming the warriors with reminder of the Peace Treaty, and kindling fire on the stage by friction, recalled memories of Boy Scout camps. One did laugh, in the manner of Toc H, but one recollected also, in the manner of Toc H, the serious meaning of it all. Here were represented not only two religions, two nations, two economies, but two colours, Redskin and Whiteskin—gentle but serious reminder of the fact that the task of thinking fairly is becoming more difficult and more adventurous as Toc H circles the world and confronts the complexities of the Colour Question.

* * * * *

The second Episode, "*To Love Widely*," surprised everybody by its delightful originality, rich colour and vivacity, Franciscan *in excelsis*, not because St. Francis figured in it, but because of the Franciscan poetry of it all.

First of all, there was dancing. On a summer's day in the thirteenth century, a company of wandering beggars, headed by a gypsy dancer, halted by the roadside near Assisi for rest and song. They were joined by a band of Harvesters, gay of heart, footing a country dance. The arena was alive with colour, movement and music of a joyous pastoral scene. Entered then a train of wealthy merchants, with their wives, and servants carrying packages of tempting draperies. Harvesters and gypsies left the dance and came to market, the sun went down, the mood of simple, rustic pleasure changed to one of greed and black envy. There was petty bickering.

The singing of a psalm was heard in the distance, and, on the hillside, appeared St. Francis and his Friars. Then a most delightful introduction! Children dressed as his "little sisters," the birds, appearing in groups of six, one after the other, in such a way that they appeared to be

as numberless as the feathered world itself, came, now on the left of the friars, now on the right, and, dancing merrily, passed down among the merchants and rustics, until the whole scene became a glorious concentration of rich colour and rhythmic movement. They were birds, twittering and joyful! They were children, fresh and innocent, charming a silly world. "Except ye become as little children!" How to convey the infectious symbolism of the scene, as it captured the audience and roused them to spontaneous applause? Visit a playground after marketing, and you may understand!

But merchants and mendicants had no room for the birds, and threatened them. Harvesters tried to protect them. Passionate quarrelling was only prevented by the gentle intervention of the saint who "loved widely" and rebuked stupid enmities by quiet example. Reconciled once more, the varied company joined in a united chorus of praise, as they followed the friars up the hillside, and the audience echoed the praise as they felt, once more, the charm of "loving widely."

* * * * *

Pennsylvania, Italy—and now to Britain, the Britain of the Roman Occupation; Verulamium (near the modern St. Albans), early morning, June 23, A.D. 303, for the third Episode, "*To Witness Humbly.*" Christianity has reached Britain, but the "Light" is seen mainly by native Britons, members of a conquered race, and, in Diocletian's day, Christians were persecuted. Even among the proud conquerors, however, a few have seen the "Light"; they are not afraid to risk contumely, to bear witness to the birth of a despised religion, to share danger with a despised community.

It is a great, stately Episode, in contrast to the two preceding scenes, with one supreme dramatic moment. Christians, gathered for worship round a little field altar, are surprised by a Roman Officer, Alban, who passes through their midst and kneels to receive baptism. Distant trumpets are heard. The Roman Governor, borne in a litter by Gothic slaves, accompanied by soldiers and British citizens, is on his way to do solemn sacrifice to Cæsar. Alban exchanges cloaks with the Christian priest, who flees, with his congregation, for safety. Alban remains—alone. The Governor's procession draws near. With quiet, resolute courage, the new convert stays at his post, sings a short prayer for courage at the altar, and watches the entry of the pageant, suffers arrest, refuses to do sacrifice to Cæsar; then, calmly, fearlessly, reveals himself—a Roman officer, a Christian!

There is one other convert—a black Numidian slave, ordered to execute the prisoner but kneeling, instead, at his feet, offering to share his faith and martyrdom. They are led away together, Roman and bondman, white man and black man—another study in contrasts! . . . "Saint" Alban now, but in the year A.D. 303 just one lonely Roman Christian, disgraced and shamed in the eyes of his fellow officers, by the embrace of an African slave and the taint of a despised superstition.

* * * * *

Backward and forward, through the centuries, the Masque moved, and for introduction to the Fourth Episode, linked together a little procession, representative of successive ages, habits and mind, but of one pervading spirit—the spirit of those who "build bravely." Here, company now, were Alban, Francis and William Penn, and with them, Paul, King Alfred, Crusaders, Hilda of Whitby, Columba of the North, Joan of Arc, Archbishop Laud, John Bunyan, Florence Nightingale (bearing the Lamp of the League of Women Helpers), Abraham Lincoln and finally, two of "Our Elder Brethren of the Great War."

No—not finally! For, asking permission to follow, was another procession.

The Spirit of Toc H had challenged the first procession, "Who goes there?" and received the reply, "Builders of the City of God."

As they went forward he said:—

“Loving the builders’ art,
You raise the House of Love
Wherein shall enter those that prove
Humble and pure of heart.”

He challenged now, in like manner, the second procession.

“We also seek to build bravely,” answered their leader, and led forward the Procession of Lights to the singing of the Birthday Hymn, “Out of many into One.”

“Grey-flecked head, and eager boy,
Gownsmen, townsman, pastor, priest,
Troubadours of toil and joy,
Gather to this Household Feast.”

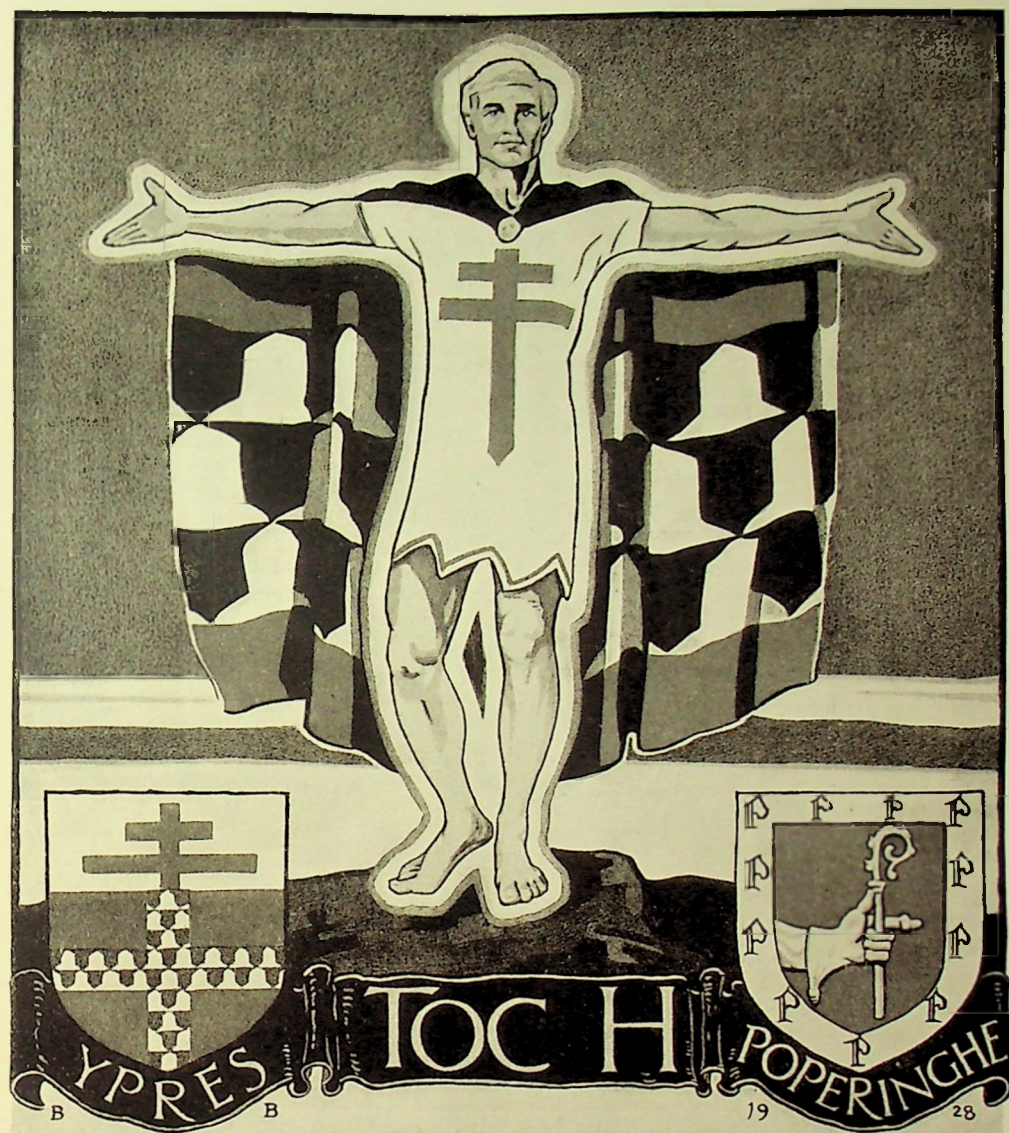
The Ceremony of “Light” and Family Prayers

THE ceremony of “Light” had been incorporated in the fourth Episode: it was indeed the natural climax of the whole *Masque*. Lamps and Rushlights swing in a slow march down the long flight of steps into the arena. The head of the column halted, six deep, when it approached the foot of the platform, and soon some of the bearers who followed were seen to be deploying outwards from the column on either side, until—most wonderfully viewed by the audience in the upper tiers of the hall—the Double Cross of Ypres was complete, built up of three hundred living men, and came itself to life as tapers were passed from hand to hand and the points of flickering flame sprang up on Lamp and Rushlight. The Banners meanwhile began to spread around the whole circumference of the arena—a hedge of moving colour planted by the hands of another three hundred bearers. The audience now were singing *The Inheritance*—“They trusted God . . .”; the choir took up the second verse “They trusted England . . .”; with the end of the singing but before the entry—so endless did it seem—was actually complete, Tubby stepped forward on the platform and gave the word “Light.” The long shafts of bluish twilight with which the huge arc lamps from above had already filled the arena with mysterious shadows, died out suddenly: only the great Cross of wavering points of fire remained. Then Tubby—“with proud thanksgiving let us remember our Elder Brethren” . . . a wonderful silence . . . the voice of a great multitude, unnumbered in the darkness, answering in deep and joyful unison “And glorify our Father which is in Heaven.”

The tense minute of remembrance and self-dedication was over, and with the full flood of returning lights the singing rose again—“And us they trusted—we the task inherit . . .”

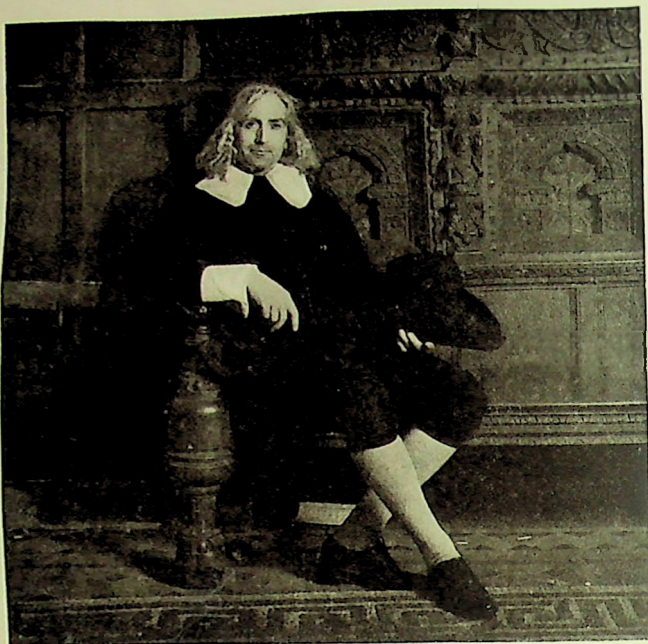
Family Prayers followed—very brief and simple and heartfelt—and then Tubby with a few words led forward two men who had been standing, scarcely recognised in that vast place, beside him. Bishop Talbot, in whose son’s name Toc H has planted a living memorial all round the world, and Archbishop Davidson, only a very little while before retired—to keep his place, above all party, in the hearts of the whole nation. It was very good that these two truest “Fathers in God” of Toc H, the two (as Tubby said) who knew both God and the English best, should thus stand together for the last act of the evening: the Archbishop lifted his hand and dismissed the Family with his benediction. A moment of complete silence followed—then Blake’s *Jerusalem* from eight thousand voices. And so home.

NOTE.—Some excellent photographs were taken at the Dress Rehearsal of the *Masque* by E. T. Williamson (Mark VII.) of 17, Dane Street, Holborn, W.C.1. Copies of the following (use number here given when ordering) can be obtained from him, price 1s. 6d. each:—(1) Group of “Bird” children; (2) Group of “Storks” and “Titmice” (see Plate III.) from Bird ballet; (3) Group of Italian gypsies (see Plate III.); (4) Group of Quakers (see Plate III.); (5) A member of Toc H Drama League as “William Penn” (see Plate II.); (6) A Quaker and Quakeress; (7) Group of Italian merchants; (8) Group of Red Indians; (9) Group of Italian harvesters; (10) Group of Roman soldiers and slaves (see Plate III.); (11) Russell Thorndike as “The Spirit of Toc H”; (12) Some of the “Builders of the City”; (13) A member of the Drama League as St. Francis.



THE SPIRIT OF TOC H: A FESTIVAL POSTER.

(See Note on page 48.)

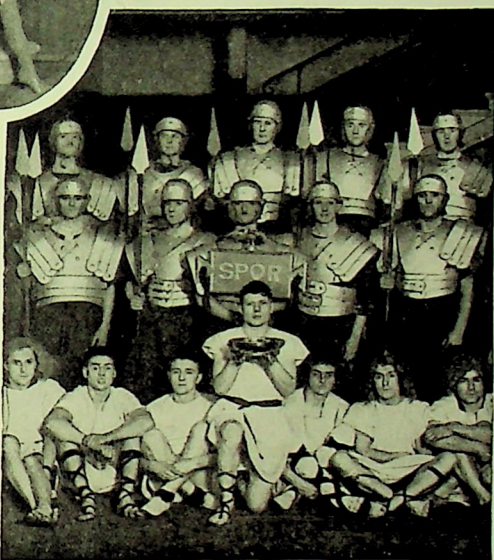


"WILLIAM PENN."

Photo : Williamson.



Chief OS-KE-NON-TON at the Grave of William Penn, at Jordans, Bucks.
(See note on p. 17. Photopress).



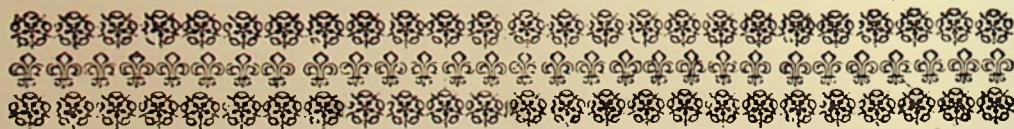
(1) *Episode II*: A group of Italian beggars. (2) St. Francis, attended by the Spirit of Toc H and surrounded by Birds. Centre: A "Blue Titmouse." (3) *Episode I*: A group of Quakers. (4) *Episode III*: Roman soldiers and slaves. (Photo. 2 by Photopress, the rest by Williamson).



LOVING THE BVILDER'S ART THEY RAISED THE HOVSE OF LOVE,



WHEREIN SHALL ENTER THOSE THAT PROVE HVMBLE & PVRE o/ HEART



A Few Words of Thanks

It is a good custom that Toc H and L.W.H. members playing parts, whether as organisers, stewards or actors, at the Festival should remain anonymous. They are but doing a Toc H "job" in the service of the Family at large; but many letters from other members since received show that their work does not go without the warmest appreciation and thanks. It is, however, surely right that names should here be mentioned in the cases of non-members whose enthusiastic help made the performance possible at all. And so most heartily do we thank Russell Thorndike, who consented, as soon as asked, to represent the *Spirit of Toc H*; Thorpe Bates, who sang the *Merchant's Song* in Episode II; and Miss Irene Evans, the singer of the *Gipsy Song*, and Miss Rosemary Reynolds, who danced the *Gypsy Dance* in the same Episode. Chief Os-ke-non-ton threw himself into his native Red Indian part with genuine enthusiasm—for we took him out a week before on pilgrimage to the actual burial place in Buckinghamshire of William Penn—"the only white man," he said, "who has been really just to my race" (see *Plate II*). And then the dancers of Episode II.—the 54 bird-children have already been thanked, and deserve thanks again: Mme. Adeline Genec herself secured them for us, the National Association of Operatic Dancing provided them, Mr. Demery voluntarily trained them, and the children themselves made their paper-feathered dresses. The dancing harvesters, members of the English Folk Dance Society, were, of course, keen amateurs who volunteered. The task of providing almost unbroken music throughout the four Episodes was the heaviest of all, and without its admirable fulfilment the whole performance would have foundered. Christopher Ogle gave all his leisure to the composition and arrangement of it for many weeks; Arnold Greir at the organ, and Dr. Brockless at the conductor's desk, saw it triumphantly through, from the first note to the last; and the hundreds of members of the Royal Choral Society, the Alexandra Palace Choir, and the Christ Church, Westminster, Choir rose to every demand upon them—whether to the grand climax of praise which closed the second Episode, or the quiet loveliness of the Memorial Ode which brought in the fourth. Let us not forget the many who worked "behind the scenes," before and during the performances—Mr. Rothery, Secretary of the Royal Choral Society, who never failed with advice and help; the Toc H members who painted and carpentered, shifted "scenery" or acted as call-boys; the ladies who designed and stitched hundreds of costumes, and in some cases were too busy in the underground dressing-rooms of the Albert Hall to see the beauty they had created in the arena. Finally a tribute to the genius of the producer—for the scattered material of the *Masque* owed its unity, and the performance every tiny detail of its drama and its wonderful changing light and shade, to the true artist's mind of T. C. Fairbairn. It is as good—as it seems natural—to record that since the Birthday both he and Thorpe Bates have joined Toc H, and Russell Thorndike is likely to follow suit.

The Events of Sunday, December 9

SATURDAY evening in Westminster and Kensington had been a matter of pageantry on a big scale, which could scarcely escape the curiosity of the public in the streets outside the Abbey and the Albert Hall. The minds and emotions of members had been stirred, as it were, by force. Sunday was a strictly "family" day; its programme was *entre nous*; its appeal specially intimate. And its chief events took place in the City, where on Sunday there is scarcely a public in the streets to notice anything.

The events which opened the day were too intimate for an attempt to convey their meaning in a detailed description. The stillness of an early Sunday morning on Tower Hill—always very arresting in its sombre sleep and perfect immobility to anyone who will stand a moment and consider it—was broken at 6 a.m. by the arrival of the first congregation at All Hallows. From that time onward the rest of the morning, and indeed of the whole day, the roadway round the old church was never deserted. Before the first congregation had come out, the second was waiting at the doors—little groups of men and women greeting one another, stamping their feet for cold, listening now and then to the bursts of singing which rose from within the church. Five times in succession, and each time in greater numbers, All Hallows was filled with a congregation, mainly of men and mainly much below the average age of morning worshippers. From Archbishop Laud's old Table within the brass-railed sanctuary, from the altar of the Cœur-de-Lion Chapel where the Lamp burns, from the Scouts' camp altar, set up in the South aisle where the Merchant Mariners' Chapel is one day to be, a succession of Toc H padres administered the Sacrament of perfect Fellowship and Service to the moving stream of communicants. And in John Wesley's historic Chapel, not far distant, many Free Church brethren of the same Family were making their Communion at the same hour. At 11 o'clock members sat in the pews of All Hallows to hear Dr. Ritson, a Wesleyan, deliver the "Festival Preachment." The pessimist who occupies time in the pulpit or space in the newspaper in bemoaning the dearth of reverence and religion among modern youth would do well to take a walk in London City on the Sunday

morning of the Toc H Festival. Admittedly it is a small light that he will see, in comparison to some great areas of cheerlessness in the Church's outlook, but it is steady and not to be quenched. If he prefers another metaphor, here is indeed the new wine—in the old bottles, which for a wonder are not burst.

What remained of the morning was given up by many visitors to "implosion" on all Toc H Houses within reach. Pierhead House at Wapping, being the nearest and newest of the Family's strongholds, received more than its share of the invasion. Through Tower Gardens and along the Wapping High Street, tramping arm-in-arm, came the pilgrims; "Tipperary" rang out full-throatedly. Through the common room doors they surged; two-hundred and fifty of them signed the "Visitors Book" (and many more did not). Soon the stairs were thronged with "imploders" and the sound of shuffling feet filled the House.

The "star turn" of an eventful and enthusiastic morning came when one member, proceeding Pierhead-wards along the Wapping High Street, collected three dockside water-men *en route* and brought them across the threshold of Toc H for the first time—to find themselves hailed with joy by happy Toc H folks as being the "experts" brought "to the group." Standing amid the questioning visitors by the windows overlooking the Pool they told in simple phrases the story of the life of the lightermen. The wash of the tides, the race of the channel currents, the type and lineage of the tiny tugs nosing up-stream through the murk, all they were asked they answered, leaving not a few of their hearers impressed and enlightened by this vivid phase of "Everyman's story." The lightermen in their turn (two of whom had come from the water just ten minutes before) took with them a new vision of a family spirit the like of which they had never before seen. One of the trio, shyly shaking hands with a member, confided wistfully that he "wished his old woman could a-been with him this mornin'" as it had been a "rare treat." Haply next year he will be on hand again, and his wife with him.

But tales could be told of all the Houses that morning and happy crowds which came and went, until it was time to concentrate on lunch in the City

The Afternoon "Family Gathering"

After lunch over 2,000 members streamed through the byways round Moorgate to the Drill Hall of the London Rifle Brigade to a gathering which was to repeat the successful experiment at the same time and place a year earlier. Complete informality was the mark of the whole affair. There was a platform, but it was smothered by the audience squatting about all over it; there was a chair, but its chief use was for speakers to stand on; there was a chairman, but most of the time he sat upon the floor and was lost to view. The great central space was empty of all furniture, and for the first hour after the doors opened members walked about in it, meeting old friends and passing on, now jostled by a "rugger match" in one corner, now swept into a "community singing" crowd in the other. Presently Freddie Bain, as much chairman as anyone else, managed to attract attention to the platform, where Tubby stood, vested in a wonderful green woollen jumper. There was a *crescendo* chorus—to the tune of Big Ben—of "Sit down! sit down!"; everyone subsided, just where he happened to be, on the floor; the "meeting" had begun. One member after another, most of them representing some distant section of the Family overseas, was called upon to say whatever he pleased in a minute or two of time. The first to be summoned to the platform was Elliot, Secretary of the All-India Council. He was caught unawares as he sat on the outskirts of the crowd, and the only means of producing him at the required point was to lift him on his back at full length and toss him from hand to hand up a lane of members who stood up for the purpose. He landed, right side up but with no breath left for immediate speech. A quick succession of speakers followed—alternating comedy and solemnity, plain truths and humorous asides, all the mixture of grave and gay which is so honest and so easy in a real Toc H meeting.

Two presentations, each in its own way moving, took place during the afternoon. Tubby presented W. H. Carver (Secretary, House of Commons Group) with the framed page out of his diary in August 1916, recording their first meeting in hospital in Boulogne. And Mrs. Cook, mother of one of the first of our Elder Brethren, had come over from France with an old Sheffield plate teapot—a precious family possession—to give it, very shyly, to the Endowment Fund.

There was an interval for stand-up tea at the counter, and then, as everyone would wish, Lord Forster was called upon. He mounted the chair, and, mindful of the odd precedent established a year before, stripped off his coat, almost before the cries of "Take your coat off" arose. He spoke as simply and as straight from the heart as Toc H has learnt to expect of him. The burden of his talk was (as it invariably is, in whatever circumstances) the expression of an invincible personal belief in Toc H and an uncompromising reiteration that its only basis must be devotion, corporate and personal, to Jesus Christ and His service. "It is not what you do," he said again, "which counts—it is *why* you do it." The motive was to be the same for all, though the tasks and the abilities of individuals would infinitely vary. And to emphasise this central doctrine he urged all members to adopt as their "text for 1929" some anonymous lines which had been of constant use in his own private life for many years:—

Do what you can, being what you are ;
Shine like a glow-worm, if you can't like a star ;
Work like a pulley, if you can't like a crane ;
Grease the wheels thoroughly, if you can't drive the train.

"Official Circles" (if such a forbidding thing has an actual, corporal existence) might have been deeply shocked, had it been present, at the sight of a justly respected Governor-General of Australia standing on a kitchen chair in his shirt sleeves on a Sunday afternoon, hedged round by 2,000 youngsters. Toc H in Australia, which Lord Forster, more than any man, was responsible for calling into existence, has always been accustomed to call him "The Old Bloke," as a term of respectful affection, and the name was fully accepted by him. The name, with a very full mixture of respect and affection, rose at once in the mind of one at least that afternoon as he watched Lord Forster, his head haloed with silver hair in the glaring "top-lights" of the platform and his tall, coatless figure standing out strongly against the dark shadows beyond. For a young movement of Youth this is a Chairman indeed.

Tubby, in the comic green jumper, followed. It is hopeless, with no verbatim report at hand, to reproduce what he said. It was a typical talk in his happiest mood—leading off with bits of banter in all directions which shook the place with laughter, settling down very soon to a chosen subject, of which one aspect after another was unfolded, with deepening emphasis, before the eagerly expectant minds of his audience. He chose the mariner's compass (has not the *Masque* dealt with four cardinal points?) for his theme, and found latent in it a complete allegory of the life, human and Divine, which was needed for the building of Toc H. As he spoke he drew from his pockets with either hand two bars of magnetised steel, painted red and blue at their poles, and set them end to end above the heads of his listeners to illustrate the principles, not only in physics but in human relationships, of attraction and repulsion. Some day soon he must be persuaded to commit his allegory of the compass to paper for the readers of these pages.

The riotous mood with which the afternoon had opened was by now out of mind—though ready at any right moment to break out again. The audience, cramped as they were upon the hard floor, felt that they had indeed grown "closer to God and closer to each other." They were in one mind and spirit fully prepared for Sawbones when he came forward to lead their "home-going prayers." It had been an afternoon of joyful and complete freedom, but also of unerring self-discipline in its shouting and in its silences. Most members now turned their faces towards home (in many cases a long night journey distant) and the remnant went off to All Hallows to make Evensong the last act of a long day.

The Guest-Night on Wednesday, December 12

THE second Guest-night was designed to give the friends of Toc H and the general public an opportunity of sharing in the Festival, to provide Lord Forster and Tubby with an opening to address a wider audience, and to accommodate a number of London members, both Toc H and L.W.H., for whom, it was anticipated, there would not be room if all provincial members who wished to attend the Festival were present on the Saturday. This last anticipation proved to be wise—it saved a difficult situation. For, by the first post on November 20, the date long laid down for the allotment of seats in the Albert Hall, there were roughly 1,000 too many members' applications at H.Q. for the accommodation in this, the largest hall in the country! Moreover a score of Branches and Groups (among them several of the most senior) had as yet sent in no applications of any kind: in these cases (no doubt to the great disappointment of belated applicants) it was decided by the Birthday Committee to issue two tickets only for Light and Banner bearers as the maximum ration. The Albert Hall, then, was very well filled on the second night—which happened to be Tubby's own birthday. The Ypres delegation had, of course, returned to Belgium with their Lamp. And their places, as speakers, at the opening were given to Lord Plumer (in the very regrettable absence of Lord Forster owing to laryngitis) and Tubby. Also the delegates from all over the country having long since gone home, the procession of Lamps, Rushlights and Banner which formed the Double Cross in the arena for the ceremony of "Light" in the last Episode, could only represent the units of London and its near neighbours. Instead of nearly 700 men in the procession, there were rather less than 200, but, even so, the ceremony seemed to lose nothing of its beauty and impressiveness. The rest of the programme was a repetition of Saturday night, except that all the players in the Masque, grown more confident, gave an even better performance.

Lord Plumer's Speech

Field-Marshal Lord Plumer rose, amid loud applause, and called upon the audience to rise also for a few moments of silent remembrance of the Sovereign's grave illness, before singing "God Save the King." He then announced that the following message had just been received from H.R.H. the Prince of Wales:—

"Having missed Saturday's Birthday Festival, I regret that, though back in England, I cannot be with you at the Albert Hall to-night.—EDWARD P."*

Lord Plumer, after a brief explanation of the foundation of Talbot House, continued:—

"As Commander directly responsible for the troops in the Ypres Salient I can testify to the value of the services rendered by Toc H to those troops. It was for those going forward to the front trenches a house of inspiration and encouragement to play the part which lay before them with courage and fortitude, and to those who returned after a period of arduous and strenuous service it was a place of rest and re-creation of body, mind and spirit. As Commander of the Second Army and on behalf of all the troops who served in the Ypres Salient I gladly bear testimony to the deep debt of gratitude we all owe to the Founder, Tubby Clayton, and to all those who worked with him in the house in Poperinghe. When the Armistice (as I heard a young officer express it) 'broke out,' it might have seemed that the work of Toc H was finished, it might have been an organisation relegated to the category of those who had done their bit. Not so. The seed sown in blood had taken root. The period of service of those who join Toc H is for life, as all service should be. The family that was founded on service fulfilled by sacrifice

* This was in answer to a message sent by Toc H to the Patron a few days earlier while he was still hurrying home from Africa on board H.M.S. *Enterprise*:—"The Family of Toc H send warmest and most sincere greetings to their Patron and profound sympathy with him in his anxiety."

has grown year by year and has now spread its branches all over the Empire. I do not wish to single out any particular Dominion or Colony for commendation, but as Lord Forster is not here to-night I cannot refrain from saying how much Toc H owes to him for all he did to help the Movement when he was Governor-General of Australia.

Now I should like in a few words to tell you what my impression of Toc H is to-day. When I was in command of the British Army of Occupation in Cologne there was sent out to me a number of battalions composed of young men between the ages of 18 and 19. They were a wonderful sight. I know they struck the Germans very forcibly as indicating to them what this country could produce. The other Commanders and I had thought, not unnaturally, that the manhood of the old country had been pretty well exhausted by the protracted struggle of the War, but when we saw those splendid battalions we knew that there were in the old country reserves of young men willing, ready and able to perform service as good as that which had been done by those who had preceded them in the War. I have not had such another striking impression until last Saturday when I saw, first in Westminster Abbey, a body of young men drawn together there, following the beautiful service with reverence, clearly impressed by the sacredness of the atmosphere and their surroundings, and equally clearly determined to try to render service worthy of the traditions which that atmosphere illustrated. And then again in the wonderful gathering here on Saturday night and again this evening. We need have no fear for the future of our country while we can produce such a body of young men as Toc H can turn out. Surely this Movement is a national and Imperial asset. Surely it is worth the support of all people who love their country. Our Patron, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, put forward last year an appeal for an Endowment Fund of £250,000, and he hoped this year it might be possible to raise at least £100,000. So far we have produced £60,000, and I devoutly hope the remaining £40,000 will be forthcoming before the end of the year. In every Toc H Branch there is one objective, to help their fellow men, and in carrying out that objective they are not to wait for opportunities to come to them; they are to look for opportunities and seize them when they do come. I will leave it to the Founder of Toc H, who is going to follow me, to give you particulars of the work Toc H has done, is doing, and hopes to do. There is one thing of which I am quite certain, and that is that when the chapter of history of this country of the years following the War comes to be written, Toc H and its work will find a very important place in it, and amongst all the men who have rendered conspicuous service to their country in that chapter of history we shall find the name of Tubby Clayton very high up. (Cheers.) I hope every man and woman in this Hall to-night will make up their minds that year by year they will do their utmost to support Toc H." (Cheers.)

Tubby's Speech

TUBBY (who was greeted with tremendous cheering) said, "Lord Plumer, ladies and gentlemen, and you who are indescribable (laughter), I will take for my sermon to-night two texts addressed to various parts of this assembly. The text addressed to the more respectable (laughter) is this. It is taken from Burke, 'I am aware that this age is not all we would wish; I am sure that the only way to check its degeneracy is heartily to concur in whatever is best in our time.' And my text for the rest of you, my brother members (laughter), is this. It is the only adequate definition of 'blokage' I have yet discovered, and it comes from a denunciation by a certain Dr. Hare in the year 1828 after a rather heavy dinner in Dublin, where he described his opponents in the following deliciously choice epithets. He said that they were 'a sanctimonious, psalm-singing, hypocritical, blood-thirsty, uproarious and inexpressible banditti.' (Loud laughter.)

Now my first task to-night is figures, and I suppose that the only figure I really know anything about is my own. (Laughter.) I was meant by God to be an inn-keeper and was therefore

built in the proper mould. I have realised to-night that the Albert Hall and myself are much of the same shape. (Laughter.) But if you don't like my figure I will ask you to admire at the closest quarters the altogether admirable figure of our Hon. Treasurer. He is essentially a lean man, and the more closely you get to know him the happier we shall be. (Laughter.) I could give the Treasurer in pounds avoirdupois about three stone; you will, I hope, be able to give him in pounds sterling at least the equivalent of that, which is £42. (Laughter.) Since last Saturday night I have certain things to give him. A gift of £50 came to me late on Sunday night, given with utter anonymity by a great-hearted member of Toc H, a quiet, silent man who is a humble shop-keeper in a side street in a provincial town. That £50 which he brought to me, almost in tears, represents virtually the whole of his profits since last December, when the Prince made his appeal for the Endowment Fund. The great-hearted man loves the Prince; he loves Toc H; he loves the cause of Christ among young men; and as we all feel small when we come into the Albert Hall, you do not feel smaller than I did when I sat before that man and took what he thus offered. There is a further gift, also anonymous and also from a member, of £500 given as a tribute to the genius of Barclay Baron. We have a Branch of Toc H in Aberdeen. I am told they have one member among them who had the misfortune to lose one eye in the Great War. That member customarily goes to the cinema and endeavours to induce the booking clerk to let him in at half price. (Laughter.) I hope none of you will feel you have paid half price when you have seen the Masque. Thirdly, there is a gift, anonymous again, from a member of the L.W.H., of £1,000 to the Prince's Endowment Fund to welcome him home. All these gifts are from members and all of them are anonymous, and that great anonymous soldier who lies in the Abbey, around whose grave we stood once more at our Festival, thinks that it should be so. The argument for your help is this. Round the old House there lie at rest the bodies of no less than 250,000 of our best. This Movement, born there and loved by them, has now within its sway and influence directly and indirectly more than 250,000 of the young lives of the Empire. If a sum of £250,000 will secure that this work can expand and continue and develop with dignity and with power and can come right off the overcrowded market of charity, surely it is reasonable, even in these days, to hope that that sum will be forthcoming. When someone says to me, 'I have nothing but respect for Toc H,' I am rather tempted to say, 'I could have told you that; I see the absence of your name from the subscribers' list.' (Laughter.)

To-day on Tower Hill, in the murky light of a December day, a brave and noble lady with tired eyes but indomitable courage, came down and performed a long promised task of unveiling one of the last war memorials of the Empire, supported by the prayers of the people and comforted by the home-coming of her eldest son.* That task was accomplished, but great as that memorial is, Toc H when it comes through will be the greatest war memorial of all. (Loud cheers.) It is already a force making for righteousness. It is a true discovery; it is the discovery that the coming generation does long to be useful, and Toc H takes that longing and transmutes it and harnesses it into a thousand forms of practical unselfishness and utility in Christian citizenship all through the Empire and beyond it.

Toc H teaches that a man should first of all honour all men. I don't suppose Lord Plumer remembers the first time I was privileged to see him. I remember it well, and so does Pettifer. I was doing something I ought perhaps not to have been doing, scrubbing floors or something of that kind, in the upper part of Talbot House when Pettifer came rushing up to me telling me that a tremendously important General was down in the hall with a sergeant. I went downstairs hurriedly trying to find the absent parts of my military regalia. (Laughter.) When I reached the staircase I found Lord Plumer, the Army Commander. He said to me, 'Are you Clayton?' I replied, 'Yes, Sir.' He then said, 'I have got this sergeant here and I want you

* That afternoon H.M. the Queen had unveiled the memorial to Merchant Seamen on Tower Hill, and had afterwards paid a private visit to All Hallows.

to look after him for the night, and please remember that he is my guest.' When Lord Plumer had gone I turned to the sergeant and said, 'How did this happen?' The sergeant said to me, 'Well, it's like this, padre, my leave came through and I had a pretty desperate time of it walking and had gone almost as far as I could when I saw Lord Plumer. He said to me, 'Where are you going, lad?' I said, 'I am going on leave, Sir,' The Army Commander then said, 'You have had enough walking for the time, take a ride in my car; I think I know of a place where I can put you for the night.' It was in this way, Sir," (turning to Lord Plumer), "that you first came to Talbot House honouring men and teaching us ever so to do.

When, ladies and gentlemen, I come to call on you for that cheque which you are now considering, it is probable I shall be invited, if I get past the butler, to sit upon a hall chair. Now one of the extraordinary things about the whole system of Toc H is that there is no such thing as a hall chair in the whole show. Toc H exists to welcome the stranger. There are very few chairmen in Toc H. There are very few meetings. There are no cliques. There are no officials. There is no self-seeking. All these things are absent from this extraordinary Movement. Then, in Toc H it is true that we teach, or rather we try to practise a certain mysterious thing which is called the fear of God, or better expressed, that we enjoy God. I have never seen elsewhere such capacity for turning from comedy to consecration as exists among Toc H members. You have in this Movement some 25,000 fellows, and amongst these 25,000 there is not one who believes or thinks ill of Jesus Christ or of his fellows. They may be blundering, they may be clumsy in their social service, but the eyes of the Divine Carpenter look down on them and bless that service. Speeches are rare in Toc H; examples are numerous. Conversion goes on all the year round. I remember Noel Mellish, one of the first chaplains to win the V.C., telling of how the champion atheist of his battalion astonished his friends the day after by the following statement: 'I'm the same as 'im now, and if yer say a blinking word against our blinking church I'll punch yer blinking 'ead orf'! (Loud laughter.) Lastly, Toc H does honour the King. You, Sir, had under your command a young Guards' officer who through you or Lord Cavan came in its early days to Talbot House. From that day onwards his service to the cause of Toc H has been given. However manifold and innumerable the claims upon him he has never wearied of it. He has proved over and over again his loyalty to the Brotherhood. Now the time has come when Toc H can show its loyalty to him. In the Toc H Brotherhood to-night there are many thousands of members who never before prayed for kings and princes who pray for him who came home last night and for his father saying, God bless them, God support them, God uphold them." Thus Tubby ended; and then the *Masque* began.

Through other men's eyes

The Festival of 1928 was over. But for many who came to it—for new members and young Groups especially—it may surely prove but the beginning of the best which is yet to be. How would it have struck a stranger, touching the life of the Family for the first time? Are the things we hardened members love to think and say about Toc H really true, or do we live in a Fool's Paradise? Let us, in conclusion, listen to three outside witnesses among many. The first is the vicar of a very well-known London Church, writing to a hosteller of one of the Marks:—"I simply can't thank you enough for your kindness in sending us tickets for last (Wednesday) night. We were quite thrilled and it was an absolute revelation to us. I thought the spirit of it was wonderful, and I felt that there is great hope for the future of the country if such a fellowship on such deep grounds can persist. I am most grateful to have seen it and been there." And here is Colonel van der Hofstadt, leader of the Belgian Army's delegation: "We indeed had a beautiful dream which had only one fault—that it was too short, but it has left with me a remembrance that will certainly be one of the best of my life. The ceremonies at which we assisted were so unique and so imposing. They have proved to us the real importance of the

Family of Toc H, and have made clear at one stroke the aim—at once so spiritual and so human—which is your ideal, and the enormous success which has rewarded your efforts.” Hear also the testimony of a Frenchman, writing on his return to Paris to the members of a Kent Branch who had been his hosts at the Festival: “Thank you for the brotherly welcome which was given me on the day of the Toc H Birthday and during the evening ceremony. It has made me understand perfectly and admire greatly the spirit of surprising love which animates your movement. Your memorial is firmly founded, thanks to the enthusiasm of its builders, and filled with the breath of real life, thanks to the generous warmth of their hearts. Each man relying upon the other so as to be able to rely upon all, while all count upon the integrity of each—that is a fine ideal which makes the hard ways of life (broken for so many of our nation by the violence of war) less steep and thorny. Thank you for having proved to me that all this exists in reality, and not only in my thought and my desire; that good will comes to you from the four quarters of the world, from men who know—or strive to know—how ‘to think fairly, to love widely, to witness humbly, and to build bravely,’ in the inspiration of the Love of God which knows neither East nor West. ‘Out of many into One.’”

A NOTE ON THE SECRETARIES' LIST

THE quarterly list which appears as usual this month has this time been paged (i-xvi) separately from the JOURNAL and printed in the centre of the book, so that Secretaries and others can remove it for reference purposes by simply opening the wire stitches. The new organisation of Toc H at home into Districts, with their own committees, proceeds apace and all the Districts already formed are shown in the List; while in some cases where certain units clearly belong together but are not yet officially formed into a District, the division is indicated. A great many additions and alterations will be found since the List was last printed in October. The most important at home are (a) the division of the old, shapeless Home Counties Area into *Western Home Counties*, *South Eastern Area*, and *Northern Home Counties*, with which is now amalgamated the East Anglian Area; and (b) the foundation of a *North Western Area* with three Divisions which are actually the old Manchester, Salford and Merseyside Areas. Overseas the different Dominions and countries have been grouped, as far as possible, geographically instead of alphabetically as heretofore; Canada is now shown with its natural divisions, each with its own Register.

The Editor has often received the suggestion that the time, day and place of the weekly or fortnightly meeting of each Branch and Group should be added to the list to give members who are visiting some other town the chance of “imploding” on the local Toc H unit. The idea of this is clearly excellent, but the difficulties are not small. First, space—the List this quarter takes up (most conveniently for printing purposes) 16 pages. If all meeting places and times could be inserted the number of pages would be doubled, for the information would need an extra line in each case. The normal JOURNAL nowadays consists of 48 pages—or, when the quarterly List or the Annual Report appears, sometimes 64. Thirty odd pages of addresses is a big slice out of the reading matter of such a number. Secondly, the task of collecting the information and *keeping it up to date* (without which it would be worse than useless) is very formidable, if not impossible. As it is, the Secretaries' List is *never* completely accurate by the time it reaches readers. Changes of Secretaries or their addresses are notified almost every day to H.Q., and the total alterations run into hundreds each quarter. To try to maintain an accurate list of meeting places and days, which constantly change, would clearly add much, not only to the work, but, more important, to the “margin of error.”

However, this question is not banished from what the Editor is pleased to call his mind. for it. Meanwhile a member on his travels can usually drop a post-card to a Secretary in the place he expects to visit and so get his chance of “imploding” on another section of the Family.

COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FOR THE BLIND

IT is estimated that there are about 2,000 blind people in London that are not catered for by such institutions as St. Dunstan's, but who exist by aid from the Guardians and their own personal friends and are only able to go out when some well-disposed person arrives on the scene as a guide. The thought struck a member of the Islington Branch, who is the Visiting Secretary of the King Arthur Club (one of the social clubs run under the auspices of the Servers of the Blind League) of giving a week's holiday in the country in the homes of friends.

Blind people as a rule can get away for this purpose to various institutions, but there always remains the feeling that they are a race apart from others, treated accordingly, and subject to rules and regulations while at the institution. An arrangement which has been made between the Islington member concerned and the Harold Wood Branch of Toc H overcomes this drawback, and some account of it may help other Branches and Groups in undertaking similar work elsewhere.

Since May last, blind people have gone down each week to Harold Wood. Every blind person has a guide, so as not to throw any responsibility on the lady of the house who acts as their host. The couple by arrangement are such that they can occupy one bedroom. Fares are paid from London, and all that has to be found is their keep for their week's stay. Members of the Branch or Group form a sort of rota to take them out and about, car rides or walks, and as they have a guide they can always get out themselves as well. In some cases, members and friends put them up free of charge; in other cases where accommodation can be found but the people concerned cannot afford to keep them, the Branch or Group raise funds to meet this contingency. In the case of Harold Wood it is gratifying to learn that by the time their season has finished they will have catered for over 50 people at an average cost of 10s. per head. The pleasure it gives their guests repays them in a wonderful measure for any trouble the Branch is put to. As a matter of fact, members find that it is the most wonderful piece of Toc H that they have struck yet and are proud of the fact that they have been allowed to help run it. Some of these blind folks have never been in the country in their lives, and their letters of appreciation and thanks are very touching. To mention one case. Some time before the scheme started, one of the blind people, in a fit of acute depression, made the statement that in his opinion the blind as a body were "cursed by God and ignored by man." This man was one of the first visitors, with the result that he went back to the Blind Club, recalled his words spoken before, stated that he had found some wonderful friends in Harold Wood and the holiday he spent there will remain in his memory the whole of his life and he will never be depressed again. This instance alone, apart from all the other grateful letters of thanks, is the job's own ample reward.

Harold Wood suggests that all Branches and Groups throughout the whole of the Movement would like to take part in this work, and that town and country units could work conjointly as their Branch has worked with Islington. Between now and next summer all Town Branches and Groups could get together with

the Country and get their arrangements made all ready to start when the fine weather opens next year. Town Branches and Groups should get in touch with the Servers of the Blind League (see note below) for information how to go on from the town end, and any particulars wanted from the Country end will gladly be supplied by H. F. Manning, Kingsgate, Harold Wood, Essex.

The local Press in the Harold Wood district have taken great interest in the scheme, and have published appeals to their readers to help in the following ways :—

- (1) Friends with a spare bedroom, keep provided free or paid for.
- (2) Friends with a car, to give visitors a run out during their stay.
- (3) Friends who will pay a friendly call and take the blind out for walks and to tea.
- (4) Friends who will give blind visitors some flowers on their return to London.
- (5) Financial help.
- (6) Friends who will make a point, when they meet blind visitors out, of speaking to them without any formal introduction to let them see that people are interested in them. Blind people appreciate this immensely.

It is hoped next year to start this work earlier and so to increase its scope greatly. The aim should be that London and neighbouring Country Branches and Groups between them should have the pleasure of seeing that every one of London's 2,000 poor blind should have a week's country holiday and a welcome in the homes of friends.

NOTE : The Servers of the Blind League (*Offices*, 3, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1 ; *Organising Secretary*, Miss K. Lambe) is responsible for Social Clubs for Adult Civilian Blind in nine different districts in London as well as in the provinces. The London Clubs are opened in Holloway, Hoxton, Islington, Leytonstone, Paddington, Peckham, Tottenham and Walham Green ; outside London, Clubs are situated in Birmingham (two), Brighton, Hyde, Northampton, Stockport, Wolverhampton and York. The total membership of the Clubs is about 2,000, and all the officials are voluntary workers. Jobmasters in these places (and there is a Toc H Branch or Group in each of them) would do well to write to the Organising Secretary of the League for particulars with a view to offering help. In addition to entertainment, advice, assistance and certain educational facilities are afforded to the Club members. Social meetings of these Clubs are held every fortnight and are the means of bringing an outside interest and some social amenities into the lives of blind men and women. A real country holiday is, however, an almost unheard-of luxury and would be a source of intense joy to them.

The League is also responsible for the Ellen Terry National Home for Blind Defective Children, where special care and training are provided for these blind children who are so severely handicapped in life. The Home is full to capacity and additional accommodation is urgently needed to secure the admission of the many children whose names are on the waiting list.

The League is holding a Daffodil Day in London on Saturday, February 16, in aid of the *extension* of the work of the Clubs and of the Ellen Terry National Home. Funds are most urgently needed and on behalf of the blind men, women and children under its care the League appeals for the co-operation of any branches of Toc H within the Metropolitan Area. Offers of assistance, either by undertaking to organise a district, or by supplying individual help, the loan of a car beforehand or on the day, will be most gratefully received by Miss H. Oakley Tappenden, Appeals Organiser, or by the Organising Secretary, 3, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1.

THE LAMP LIGHTING OF THE L.W.H.

ON the eve of the Birthday Festival of Toc H, December 7, 1928, our Patroness came to light our first Lamps in the presence of delegates who filled the Court Room of Christ's Hospital. Both here and in All Hallows afterwards, Toc H was represented, though the numbers were necessarily limited. Two clouds threatened this day, for which we had greatly longed and so carefully planned. Until almost the last moment it was uncertain whether H.R.H. the Duchess of York would be able to come owing to the King's illness. Happily her desire not to disappoint the many who had come such distances was able to be fulfilled. The other cloud, concerning the delivery of the Lamps in time for the ceremony, seemed black enough to wreck the whole event when failure was known to be a fact only the day before; and yet when the time came, it passed, and mattered really very little that only two of the real Lamps were there, and that the rest were quaint little hurricane lanterns, bought at the local store!

After the Patroness had taken her place on the platform and the singing of "The King," the procession of Lamps entered, headed by Pte. A. Pettifer (the "Gen."), carrying the Prince's Lamp. The Lamps were then lit by the Duchess, from the flame of the Prince's Lamp, and the Rushlights, which were arranged round the room, were also lit by handing a lighted taper round, and the Patroness took the Ceremony of Light. The singing of "Jerusalem" marked the close of this part of the evening, and the general company moved off to All Hallows. The Lamp-bearers, led by Gen., formed a little procession, and the hurricane lanterns made a chain of light along the road to the church, mingling with the red lanterns of the road-menders.

A crowded congregation sang a hymn of Gilbert White, while the procession made its way to the North Chapel, there depositing the Prince's Lamp in its casket, and then on to the crypt-head, the Lamps being placed on the wall to burn throughout the service. Down in the L.W.H. oratory of the crypt there is a little 14th-century window which has now been filled by what is surely a very remarkable and beautiful stained-glass representation of St. Clare by Mr. Reginald Bell, and given by the L.W.H. There she stands amid green fields and leaves of gold and brown, her ragged robe showing her bare knee, her eyes shining out of her unkempt, bobbed hair, her fine hands ecstatically grasping her book, doves encircling her above, and a rabbit crouching at her feet. A saint, a fanatic, a disciple set on fire and ready to cast all aside to serve her Lord and the Lady Poverty; and yet—she's no stranger, but just the girl of 1929! This was the little window which H.R.H. now unveiled and Tubby dedicated (*see Plate X*). After the service one of the L.W.H. Lamps was taken to the oratory and left burning there throughout the week-end of the Festival.

Christmas and Toc H are very happily bound together in many ways; and now, while the Duchess came from the crypt to her seat in the Church, the "Carol for the Lamps of the Magnificat," of which Tubby had written the words and George Moore the music for the first lighting of the Lamp, was sung:—

Ah! little pools of light,
Shine sweetly on this sight,
Circling the true Lamp, set within your ken.
Be still, each low night-sound,
A whisper is a wound.
For God hath come, hath come in sleep to men.

Tubby's sermon and message to the L.W.H. followed, and as this is printed in full in the *Log* for January, no more need be said here. Thanksgivings and prayers and the Blessing completed the service. While the Duchess of York saw the latest Roman and other discoveries, the family gathered at the door of All Hallows to give her a hearty "send-off." Some of us can remember the first Birthdays of Toc H, and the first Lamp-lighting at the Guildhall, from which has grown

the elaborate and wonderful Albert Hall ceremony. And perhaps because this L.W.H. Festival was just informal, homely, yet purposeful, filled to the brim with joy and serenity, it seems hardly less wonderful to those who were there.

Child Christ, we dedicate
Humble and high estate,
Knit by the magic of Thy manger-throne.
Guide us and make us wise,
Sisters in enterprise,
No more dishearten'd, and no more alone.

NOTE: An article on the new L.W.H. Lamp, with a drawing of it, was published in the JOURNAL of November last.

TOC H PILGRIMAGES OF 1929 AND 1930

OWING partly to Tubby's absence from Europe, and partly to the great British Legion tour of the battlefields, there was no large Toc H Pilgrimage to the Ypres Salient last year, although smaller parties of members went over from various centres. This summer, however, a Pilgrimage will be organised from H.Q. and led by Tubby, which will be more comprehensive than hitherto. It will start with a week-end in Ypres, and, for those who can so arrange their time and finances, a journey thence on the Monday all down the old British line to *Albert*, an excellent centre for the Somme and Ancre battlefield. At the end of the Pilgrimage proper at *Albert*, various extensions into France, Belgium or Germany will be possible for members who are able to give more of their holidays to travel abroad.

The date of starting from London will be Friday night, August 30, reaching Ypres on Saturday morning. Members coming for the week-end leave Ypres on Monday morning, September 2, reaching London that evening.

From Ypres to the Somme, it is hoped to make the journey by motor transport. Several days will be spent at *Albert*, as a centre for the battlefield, Amiens Cathedral, etc. Members going to the Somme will, therefore, do well to reckon a clear week from starting to reaching London again.

Cost and all other particulars will be published as early as possible.

Names will be regularly received from July 1 onwards, and the list will be closed on August 1. As usual both Toc H and L.W.H. members are eligible as pilgrims, and as the date falls in the school holidays it is hoped to collect a good contingent of boys from the schools with which the S.S.B. is in touch. Names should be sent to Barclay Baron, 1, Queen Anne's Gate, S.W.1, but Ormond Wilson (Oxford Branch) has volunteered to shoulder the "donkey work" (there is plenty) this time!

* * * * *

In the summer of 1930, probably August, we shall concentrate on a Pilgrimage to a much more distant goal and, it is hoped, with very large numbers. This will be to Oberammergau in Bavaria, to witness the *Passion Play*, in which that most Christian village has given its witness before the world every ten years (with a few war-time breaks) for over three centuries. In 1922 the party of 112 members of Toc H and L.W.H. who made the journey together had an experience which they will never forget. The Pilgrimage will cost considerably more in 1930 than in 1922, when the German currency was moving every day towards its terrible period of "inflation." Members in their hundreds (for there seems no need to set any limit to numbers) are advised to make a firm resolve not to miss this great opportunity, and to start saving their pennies for it now. There is no place in the world which so claims the Toc H Pilgrim as Oberammergau, unless it be Assisi—and, far beyond that, of course, the Holy Land itself. Some day, perhaps, those also shall be accomplished.

A FINAL DISPATCH FROM SOUTH AFRICA

After a second tour of Toc H duty (his first was in 1926) in South Africa of nearly a year, "Uncle" Harry sailed for home on the Balmoral Castle, and will be with us this month. Here is his final dispatch to the JOURNAL from "over there" :—

Johannesburg.

Nov. 27th, 1928.

My dear Journalists,—

I hope that Barkis and the fates will be propitious and get this into the January JOURNAL ; otherwise I shall have a sad reckoning with Bert Oldfield and his Merry Men of the *Eastern Province*. As it is, I shall have to do less than justice to that great Toc H centre. Perhaps they will forgive this in view of the circumstances under which I write, and which I will explain at the end. Our journey from *Cape Town*, where I left you last, was notable for the fact that I was privileged to have half an hour's talk on the train with General Smuts, who was off on a political campaign. I like to think that my impression was correct, that he was able to see Toc H clearly ; but I am far from imagining that his impressions were as vivid as mine were of the occasion. *George* was our first stopping place (still in the Western Province). The Group there had all but faded away, but with the help of some great stalwarts, old and new, we had two fine talks, and I have big hopes now for Toc H in that lovely centre. It is an important strategic point for an immense district, and is, so far, our only distributing centre there for the Toc H bacillus. Good luck to them, say all of us.

From *George* we motored some 250 miles through that most wonderful "Garden Route" to Port Elizabeth *en route* for *Grahamstown*, stopping two nights on the way at two well-remembered and much-loved spots. At *Grahamstown* we were the guests of that best of jobmasters, *Allec Mullins*, and had a never-to-be-forgotten four days there with the Branch and the L.W.H. Their Toc H "House" deserves a special article to itself—the oldest building in the town, the old Landrosts' or Magistrates' quarters and a national Monument at that. The Branch a great mixture of Town and Gown (Rhodes University) ; the L.W.H. entirely a 'Varsity Group, and a splendid one at that, but a fine town Group formed during our stay ; various packed meetings, ending up with a rather wonderful service at 5.30 p.m. in the Cathedral, the chancel of which was quite filled ; a joint supper meeting at 6.30, which would have done credit to the Birthday Festival itself, and a final meeting with the Branch. *Grahamstown*, by the aid of "L.M." (*Dugmore*, best of Secretaries, and science lecturer) have, I think, evolved the finest oil for their Lamp that I have come across—paraffin and olive oil nearly half and half, I believe. Also one job deserves to be caught up by Toc H all round the world : (1) get names of all the Elder Brethren in the district and try to trace their kinsfolk. (2) A beautifully printed slip of paper sent to each of the latter, "We will be grateful if you will let us know the day on which he died," signed by the Secretary. (3) A Book of Remembrance then started on the usual Toc H lines, and then, every year, the relations receiving the following on the day of his death :—

"With Proud Thanksgiving we remember
(the name ———
the date of death)

and then the words of remembrance followed by "Toc H, *Grahamstown*." It is easy to realise what this must mean to many a one.

There followed a four days' break at Port Alfred, where Toc H was all but forgotten for some of the best golf in South Africa ; an attempt to hold a meeting at *Bathurst*, frustrated by torrential rain, but subsequently achieved ; another night in *Grahamstown*, where we found a big meeting still waiting for our delayed arrival at 10.30 p.m., and so back on our tracks to *Port Elizabeth*. The Group there have perhaps had greater difficulties to contend with than elsewhere, including

the starting of, and subsequent elimination of, a No. 2 Group. All honour to them that they have kept going so stoutly, and are beginning to grow so solidly. We had a variety of meetings, including a combined one with the strong L.W.H. Group, a public meeting in the City Hall and a combined service in St. Mary's, and I left them with a big hope for "Toc H, P.E.," strongly confirmed by a later visit. They have some real "Great-hearts."

The roads outside Port Elizabeth are not *all* of them so good as the Group, and we struggled through on October 7 to *Addo*. A great little Group this, mainly of settlers in the Sundays River Settlement, which is itself carved out of the old elephant bush which one knew so well in the old days, the elephants having now retired a bit. It will be a great day when one sees the *Addo* banner at the Albert Hall with its insignia of an elephant and some gigantic oranges, if I remember right. Their Toc H House in the bush must also have an honoured place in the photos which I hope the *JOURNAL* will publish when I get home. I could only give them 36 hours, so we crammed two meetings in on Sunday afternoon and evening, some members motoring a long way. The Monday was hopeless, as so many had to be "leading" water from the irrigation canal on that day.

Cookhouse was as much of a joy as ever, though we all missed their old chairman and my old friend "Paddy" Waide, now transferred elsewhere. We had various meetings, including a big public one in the new Railway Institute, at which a fine little contingent from Somerset East (20 odd miles away) rolled up, and it seemed to be the normal thing for various members to roll up at every meeting having walked in from up to 4 or 5 miles away, including one dear old friend, who, low be it spoken, is even more ancient than I. They have secured a splendid site for their own room, and, if the funds for it are humanly possible, I will back Toc H *Cookhouse* to get them.

Two days followed at *Somerset East*—a small Group with big hopes and corresponding difficulties. We had, among other happenings, a great social gathering in the Saal of the Dutch Church, at which *Cookhouse* returned the compliment. They have their own room, shared with and decorated by (thereby hangs a local story), the strong Toc Emma Group. A 60 miles' motor drive back through *Cookhouse* landed us at *Adelaide*, the latest "E.P." recruit till then and a mighty vigorous one; started in a great way by Fort Beaufort, 24 miles away, announcing that they were going to hold one of their ordinary meetings in *Adelaide*, and inviting all and sundry to attend, which they did to some effect. I left *Adelaide* and *Cookhouse* already planning a joint "implosion" of a similar kind on Bedford, which lies between them, thus completing a fine chain of the family between Somerset East and King William's Town. So may it be. I was able to preach at *Adelaide*, in addition to several fine meetings, and I have no fear for them with the splendid leadership they have got. The same applies to *Fort Beaufort*, and to the meetings we had there. I have great recollections of their flickering electric sign at the end of the hall, the Lamp and the word "Toc H" alternating with each other, the constantly reappearing Lamp giving one, curiously, the idea of the fresh Groups of Toc H ever starting up all over the world. And so to *Alice Branch* and its wonderful new house going up—built in conjunction with the Scouts and the B.E.S.L. (British Empire Service League) at a cost of about £800, each having their own section of the building, but Toc H having the only fireplace in their room. As I write, the E.P. clans will soon be gathering there for their Birthday Festival, and they are assured of a great time. There followed a beautiful drive to the "old originals" at *Keiskama Hoek*, through some of the battlefields of the old Kafir wars, and another glimpse of that great old Toc H pioneer, Bert Oldfield. He had taken the chance of having the E.P. Conference while we were there, and he worked us all as we wanted to be worked. Our intended play-time, a big picnic, had to be given up owing to a thunderstorm, so we all drove back to the Hotel at the Hoek, practised some Birthday Festival Hymns, and then adjourned to the Church for our evening service on Toc H lines. (Have you ever tried taking "Light" after the 35th verse of

"O Valiant Hearts"?) How some of us got home safely that night in the pelting thunderstorm, with the car breaking down at intervals, and the lights ceasing to function, is another story. Anyhow it was a great time. A combined motor and rail run on October 23 took us up to *Queenstown*, a fine little crowd of "blokes" under Padre Stokes's leadership, but still, as they would admit, rather in the Grope stage. May they eventually turn out as *King William's Town* has, of which Stokes was once Padre. A splendid Group with a great spirit and leadership. We stayed with Padre Sutton of Dale College, and I talked to his boys while there, and all went "merry as a marriage bell." The really heart-breaking part of this work is only being able to stay about two days with each new lot of Toc H stalwarts and then plunging off again, just as you are getting to know the family. One great feature of their part of the world was their extra special staff work for us. A "King" motor to take us well on the way to East London and another to carry us on; and then East London motoring us about 90 miles towards Grahamstown and a Grahamstown car to meet us there. But I am anticipating. Anyhow Toc H *East London* simply exude cars and other good things. They too have their difficulties, but have real solid stuff to build on, and also a first-rate room for themselves at the L.W.H. I can't begin mentioning names, but I could do so both there and in many other places. "Time would fail me to tell of" blank and blank and all the great Toc H stalwarts in every place. But I must just mention dear old Harry Bennett in connection with East London, the instiller of Toc H in the minds of many a man in this neighbourhood. It was sad just to miss "Sir Charles" Blaker, a real stand-by to the Group, though I had a glimpse of him later on. We had many happenings, including a Sunday afternoon picnic, and a wonderful Toc H service held in the heart of the bush. It was good to talk at the "Scouty Lunch Club" and to hear them inviting Toc H to join them in their Club, a form of co-operation which might help largely towards the dove-tailing of the two movements. At East London I had to commence my finance appeal (of which more anon) with the great aid of Mr. Bowie the acting Mayor, a Toc H-er if ever there was one. The best of luck to the *Cambridge* Group, which we started, 5 miles or so out.

And so, long trek back on our tracks to Port Alfred again, *via* Grahamstown, to get a break before starting on the very last lap, a 2,000 miles finance pilgrimage by sea and land before we sail. It simply had to be, and there seemed no one else to tackle it. So my wife went on to Capetown and I fared forth. A dinner at the Club at two places; individual visits at others; and the great co-operation of some wonderful friends of, or members of, Toc H and one or two old friends of my own, and the result to date has amazed me, and convinced me of the appeal Toc H has begun to make in S. Africa. After further visits to Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban and Johannesburg, and with Capetown still to come, I find myself with solid promises up to close on £2,000. And the object? The salaries and heavy travelling expenses for two whole-time men for the next two important years of consolidation. So now we can really go ahead, and we want *one* at least of the finest Toc H builders that Toc H anywhere can give us. Sixty-five Toc H Branches and Groups, and some 20 L.W.H., and I can conceive of few finer nation-building or Toc H building jobs than this.

This last trek gave me the chance of revisiting various centres, and also of one more Group, if not two, at *Cradock*, still in the Eastern Province. It is important, if only as a big centre for settlers under the 1820 Memorial Settlers' scheme. With Padre Gould's great help we made a fine start there; and a visit to the *Tarka Bridge* Farm School left one with big hopes for a farmers' Group there, from which the men in training at the School will pick up their Toc H and carry it with them wherever they may go.

Also, while at Port Alfred, I was able to get up to *Bathurst*, only 10 miles away, and we had a great little meeting in "Dru-Drury's" house with some 15 present. May they flourish exceedingly! And so to bed.

Yours in Toc H,

HARRY ELLISON.

WITH THE NAVY IN WEST AFRICA

THE Secretary of Lagos Group wrote to the Editor on November 21 as follows: "In spite of numerous setbacks and discouragements in the past, Toc H Lagos Group has at last had its chance! On November 9 Lagos was favoured by a visit of the Royal Navy in the form of H.M.S. *Loweftoft*. Lagos is a typical West African Port in that its hotel accommodation suits the novelist's description of such in these parts! This presented a problem to the Powers That Be and the question of a temporary canteen for the ship's company was raised. Toc H heard about it and got going. A most successful canteen was run for ten days, which wrung from the Captain of the ship the accompanying letter of thanks. I should like to add to that some expression of the pleasure our members experienced in doing this job, and it was with some feelings of sadness that we waved our farewells to the ship as she steamed out of the harbour last Monday." (See picture, Plate V).

And here is the Captain's letter :—

H.M.S. *Loweftoft*,

At Lagos.

Monday, 19th November, 1928.

MY DEAR SHEPHEARD,

Will you please accept and convey to the members of the Lagos Group of Toc H, the grateful thanks of the whole of my ship's company for the very excellent canteen you ran for them. I have spoken to many of my men and I can assure you their appreciation was very genuine.

I also am more than grateful to you all. Officers are always looked after or can look after themselves, but consideration for my ship's company such as you have shown gives me very real pleasure.

Your canteen undoubtedly kept some of the "wobblers" out of temptation (and other places!). Apart from other considerations I am sure you have given the Toc H Movement an excellent advertisement. I know some of the men said they couldn't see the point of doing something for nothing—well, they have now had an excellent example of how a few can benefit many, by so doing, and I hope they will pass it on.

I will have much pleasure in reporting to the C.-in-C. what a difference to the comfort of the ship's company your efforts have made.

Yours very sincerely,

EDWARD B. CLOETE.

The Captain's feelings are confirmed by a letter from a member of the crew addressed to JOURNAL readers :—

DEAR BLOKES,

During our cruise on the West coast of Africa, we visited *Lagos* (Nigeria) and were ever so pleased to find a group of Toc H ashore. With great pleasure I can state that they were doing everything in their power to spread the Spirit of Toc H.

They did great work for the ship's company, a temporary beer bar being erected for our benefit: otherwise the sailors would have had to visit the native quarters to obtain their refreshments.

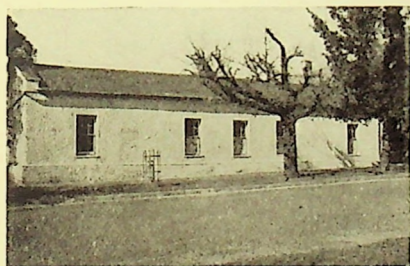
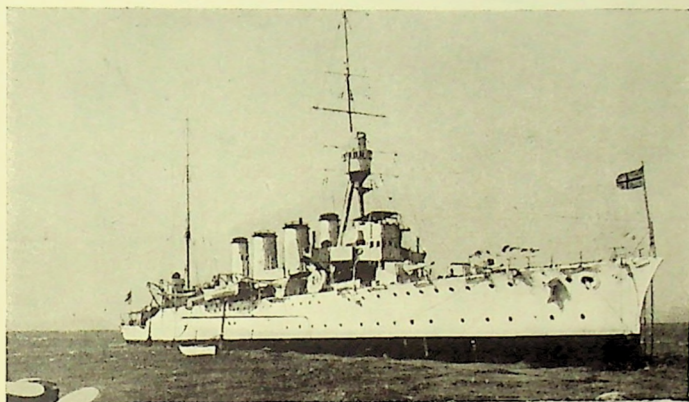
Members of Toc H on board were invited to a Guest meeting and needless to say we spent a most enjoyable evening. I noticed one of the members of the Lagos Toc H with an armful of JOURNALS and he made an extra special effort of disposing with all of them before the meeting closed.

We visited *Takoradi* (Gold Coast) and we learnt on going ashore, that the Britishers there are also going to establish a group of Toc H—may every success attend their efforts!

The whole of the Toc H members of H.M.S. *Loweftoft* belong to the Simonstown Group—and we are doing everything in our power to strengthen same.

J. DAVIES.

H.M.S. *Loweftoft*.



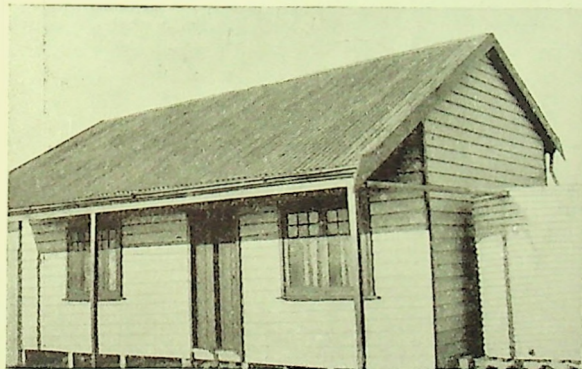
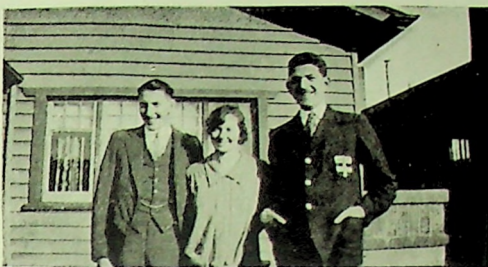
(1) *Beira* : Harry Ellison with members on the River Pungwe (see p. 48). (2) *Broken Hill* : Members working at the Park (see p. 48). (3) *Lagos* : The visit of H.M.S. *Lowestoft* (see p. 32). (4) *Broken Hill* : "Uncle Harry"—mounted. (5) *Grahamstown* : The new Toc H house, and (6) its "garden" (see p. 45).



WINNIPEG : The Branch correspondent writes, " Here's a picture of the winning team in the local Toc H Baseball League. This job kept ten members of the Branch busy looking after 120 boys all summer. We have at last instilled the fundamentals of the Movement into their minds—that is, fair play, the basis of true success in life."



READING : The Rovers and Toc H members of Reading packing clothing for distressed miners in South Wales, at their joint Headquarters which they have put at the disposal of the Appeal Committee. They have already packed and consigned three truck loads (about 200 sacks) to Brynmawr, Tonypandy and Merthyr. (Photo : C. E. May).



(1) Padres King, Eric Nye, Bird and Tom Riley at *Perth*. (2) Sib Elliot, his wife Else, and "Top" Baxter (Hon. General Sec.). (3) Padre Mark Robinson at *Adelaide*. (4) Pat Leonard "taking up the collection" (£17) for Toc H. after his ducking by Father Neptune on board *P. and O. Narkunda*, March 1928. (5) "Toxbourne," the house built for a T. B. ex-Service man by *Adelaide* members, 35 miles from their H.Q. (6) Sir William Campion (Governor of *West Australia* and President of Toc H, W.A.) and Horace Crotty (Bishop of Bathurst).



WILLIAM TEMPLE, Archbishop of York, with the Family of Mark XIV., Salford. (*Photo: Bremner, Manchester.*)



The CELLAR CHAPEL of Mark XIV., Salford.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF YORK'S FAREWELL TO MARK XIV

WILLIAM TEMPLE, who is one of the oldest friends of Toc H and an unfailing ally of Toc H, Manchester, went to Mark XIV, Salford, on November 20, to say good-bye to the family on his translation from the Bishopric of Manchester to the Archbishopric of York.

In his speech to members he said that the chief reason why Toc H seemed to him to be of such superlative value and why he was convinced that it could be of such consequence to the church and country, was that he thought it took up the one thing in the war that was of supreme value, and that was the root of the old war fellowship which consisted in the common enterprise and common endurance. It seemed to him, meanwhile, important to impress upon people—as he took the opportunity of doing every now and then—that a great part of the fellowship they experienced in the war was fundamentally just a joining up of people to resist a common enemy: that was to some extent true of the fellowship of the trenches. One of the most disappointing things about the war was that sense of having found the secret of fellowship and being all united when the real fact was that they had just sunk differences for a time in a bigger difference than all—the attacking of someone else. So long as their fellowship rested upon a common antagonism they were going to be disappointed in it.

In 1914 this country was in a worse state—not economically but morally—than ever since. It was heading for three great disasters, and there was no sign at all of the good will that would have averted them. The suffragette movement was developing into a very serious sex war, which, if it had once got going, would have been an hideous thing; they were on the brink of civil war in Ireland, into which they tumbled afterwards; and they were ready for a serious industrial conflict which was timed for November, 1914. Then came the War, and the sinking of differences. It brought almost a sense of relief, and people began to preach that they had found the secret of fellowship. The situation was really “we must hang together or we shall hang separately”: that was the herd instinct, and not the real thing at all. The true fellowship of the War rested upon something that would endure—the enterprise of the best, the memory of the sacrifices of the past, and the inspiration of sacrifice in the future. Toc H seized on that. It was that, he believed, in the minds of the original and of the new members which had secured the secret of unity among people having very different outlooks on life.

The brief yet extraordinarily impressive ceremony of the Lamp, too, had been one of the chief means of holding them together, for it was the focusing point of the whole life of Toc H right through. Their sense of fellowship was not only “good-fellowship” but a sense of being linked up with a higher company, including the Elder Brethren. The constant memory of the Elder Brethren, he believed, was going to be the thing that would hold Toc H to its purpose. He had seen, up to date, no sign of decay in the spirit of Toc H, and that in itself was proof of its foundation, for if decay was to come it would already have begun. There was always a danger that when a thing was spread, like butter on bread, it became thinner. Instead of that Toc H was flourishing, and so far as he could see the spread of its membership had not led to any dilution of its spirit.

It was usual that the more one man had of a thing the less there was for anyone else, but that again was not true of Toc H. Courage, love, loyalty were things of which the more one man had the more there was for everyone, and so long as Toc H stood for those things, so long as it maintained the ceremony of “Light” and all that aspect of remembrance which was marked by the establishment of chapels and other places for good, there was no reason why it should fail at all. It was able to attack problems that would be extraordinarily difficult for the Church to undertake through its ordinary machinery. On several occasions he had been asked to help some organisation or other which he saw no signs of helping through the ordinary parochial system, but Toc H had always taken the matter up without a single failure being recorded.

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The Plan devised by the Sun Life of Canada (the Great Company which, in co-operation with employers, is responsible for protecting thousands of men and women under its **Group Life and Pension Policies**), makes this splendid prospect possible for you. You deposit with them a yearly sum you can well afford out of your income, and the money, under the care of this most prosperous company, accumulates to your credit, and to it are added extraordinarily generous profits. Thus you share in the Company's great prosperity.

The figures here given assume an age of 35, and are estimated on present profits, but readers who fill in the enquiry form and send it to the Company receive, without obligation, figures to suit their own age and circumstances. Full details of the Plan will also be sent.

£250 a Year for Life,

Just at the age you begin to feel you ought to take things more easily, the Sun Life of Canada makes it possible for you to do so. From 55 years of age you will receive £250 a year for life. If you prefer it, a cash sum of £3,000 will be given you instead of the yearly income.

£20 a Month if Unable to Work.

Applicable to residents of British Isles, Canada and United States.

Supposing you adopted this plan now, and next week, next year, or any year until you were 55, you become—through illness or accident—permanently incapacitated from earning a living, £20 a month will be paid to you until the £250 a year becomes due. And the time of such incapacity no further deposits need to be made by you.

Income Tax Rebate.

If Income Tax remains as now, you will save nearly £250 during the run of the arrangement. This is additional to the profit you make on the transaction.

£2,000 for your Family if Anything Happens to You.

Should you not live to the age of 55, £2,000, plus accumulated profits, will be paid to your family. If death results from an accident, the sum would be increased to £4,000, plus the profits.

Any Age, Any Amount.

Though 35 and £250 a year for life have been quoted here, the plan applies at any age and for any amount. Whatever your income, if you can spare something out of it for your and your family's future, this plan is the best and most profitable method you can adopt.

£82,000,000 Assets.

The Sun of Canada (the great Annuity Company) has assets of over £82,000,000, which are under Government supervision. It is in an impregnable position. Do not, therefore, hesitate to send for particulars of this plan, which may mean great things for you and yours.

Don't let this opportunity go by. Fill in and post this Enquiry Form to-day. It may make a world of difference to you and yours.

To J. F. Junkin (Manager),
SUN LIFE ASSURANCE CO. OF CANADA,
30, Sun of Canada House, Cockspur St., Trafalgar Square,
London, S.W.1.

Assuming I can save and deposit £..... per..... please send me—without obligation on my part—full particulars of your endowment plan showing what income or cash sum will be available for me.

Name.....
(Mr., Mrs. or Miss)

Address.....

Occupation.....

Exact date of birth.....

Tot H. Jul. Jan.

MULTUM IN PARVO

☞ The death of Miss "LOTTIE" PORTER, a cousin of "LUDO" and of Colonel Bates, on Christmas Day is the calling Home of another of the very earliest and most faithful friends of Toc H. Her last long illness found her helping still; and her reward is surely with her.

☞ It is good news indeed that J. H. LINDSAY (brother of the Master of Balliol College) has agreed to take up Sir Ludovic Porter's work in Toc H for men going out to India or Ceylon for the first time. He hopes to start half time in April and whole time in October.

☞ The united family of Toc H and L.W.H. wishes every happiness to EDNA LEONARD ("LEN"), General Secretary of L.W.H., and A. E. E. ("ELLER") SHIELDS (Tower Hill), who were married at All Hallows on January 12.

☞ Heartly congratulations to W. S. ("PAT") ARMOUR (Belfast, Hon. Secretary to the Toc H Council for Northern Ireland) on being appointed editor of *The Northern Whig*.

☞ Padre ALEX BIRKMIRE was inducted on December 5 as minister of Buckhurst Hill Congregational Church, Essex. His Toc H friends were well represented, and Tubby spoke at the social gathering after the induction. Alex will continue to act, part-time, as Area Padre for North and East London—to the mutual benefit, it is hoped, of his church and of Toc H.

☞ The following have just been appointed Hon. Association Padres:—Canon A. S. HITCHENS (Bromley), who is coming to London in April or May; W. MUIRHEAD HOPE (late Deputy Vicar of All Hallows); L. S. R. BECKLEY (Deputy Vicar of All Hallows); W. C. COUCH (Hastings Branch), who is going to a Chaplaincy in Bolivia and Southern Peru, with H.Q. at La Paz.

☞ Rev. CHARLES R. BROWN has become Registrar of Toc H Orange Free State, in place of Rev. HARRY DEVIS, who has come to England to study for a year at Kelham.

☞ Although we no longer have a separate Appeal Office, members should not conclude that the ENDOWMENT FUND has been closed. EDWARD SAMUEL, now a member of H.Q. staff, is endeavouring to raise money for the Fund and to "build up" the Toc H Builders; his address is 83, Pall Mall, London, S.W.1.

☞ A Toc H COUNCIL FOR SCOTLAND has been sanctioned. The nominated members are the Earl of Home (*President*); the Very Rev. Professor Sir George Adam Smith and the Very Rev. John White (*Vice-Presidents*); W. L. Calderwood, A. C. M. Mackenzie, K.C., W. Lyon Mackenzie, K.C., Rev. George MacLeod, Sir John MacLeod, Rev. J. Harry Miller, Colonel J. A. Roxburgh, Major Malcolm C. Speir, and the Hon. Administrator and Hon. Administrative Padre of Toc H (or their deputies). The first meeting may possibly be held during Tubby's visit to Glasgow on February 22-25.

☞ Plans for an AREA COUNCIL for the *North-Western Area* (formerly Manchester, Salford and Merseyside Areas) are being worked out; and a proposal for a similar Council for the *Yorkshire*, and perhaps the *Northern Areas*, are being considered. This follows on the report of the sub-committee appointed by the Northern Conference last October (see November JOURNAL, p. 469).

☞ We hope to announce arrangements for the LIGHTING OF THE LAMPS of 1928 in the February number.

☞ Tubby will give his annual PANCAKE PARTY in London at the Hoxton Baths Hall, Pitfield Street, at 7.30 for 8 p.m. on Shrove Tuesday, February 12.

☞ Rev. R. T. CRIPPS (who is not a Toc H padre) will not now go out to undertake work in the Persian oil-field with PERCIVAL GRAY ("Sinbad"), the Toc H "envoy," as announced in December JOURNAL, p. 506.

☞ *Black List*: All Branches and Groups are warned against ERNEST HENLEY, aged 26, already known to Mark VII, Edinburgh and Leeds Branches as one who will not work and leaves owing money.

NEWS FROM BRANCHES AND GROUPS

London Federation

In the *Eastern District* BARKING held its second annual Pound Day on behalf of Local Hospitals on November 24. The results far exceeded expectations—1,650 lbs. of provisions—and every member had a hand in the effort this time. The Group Birthday was quietly celebrated on November 26. Carol singing for Dr. Barnardo's Homes, and at the Plaistow Hospital, was generally "inflicted" during the Christmas season. IL-FORD'S Sunday evening concerts and sing-songs continue to be tremendously appreciated; the Secretary says they are a satisfactory rival to the "monkey-parades" in the crowded streets. Armistice Day was observed, this year, by a vigil kept in Gerard's room from sunrise to sunset, terminated by a simple service and the ceremony of "Light." SOUTHEND celebrated their first Branch birthday on November 21, when Gilbert Williams gave an inspiring talk on "Light." Since the last news of this Branch appeared in the JOURNAL, members of the Eastern District Committee have visited Southend for a weekend conference; a Rotarian has addressed them on "The Rotary Movement," and a successful meeting was arranged to recruit volunteers for the blood transfusion service.

In the *South Eastern District* SIDCUP were invited, on November 19, to a meeting of a Fellowship Club run by the Wesleyan Church in Sidcup. About forty were collected to welcome the Branch, with coffee, etc. The remarkable family spirit prevailing produced a strong impression of Toc H being there already. A talk on Toc H by "Pit," the Sidcup Jobmaster, aroused great enthusiasm, falling on fertile ground, and producing many good and interesting questions. The Weselyans rolled up in force to Sidcup Toc H headquarters some ten days later to hear Gilbert Williams talk on Toc H, and were thus further encouraged. Sidcup hope for at least some probationers. DEPTFORD group are now holding regular meetings on Friday nights

at the Christchurch settlements, Norbal Street, Deptford. One of the first jobs is the formation of a Dog-Licence Club, to act from January 1 onwards. BELLINGHAM recently held a very successful Guest-night, with a talk by Padre H. C. Money.

The South-Eastern District Committee will meet at Mark XV. on February 8.

In the *North-Western District* Mark VII, has "adopted" Toc H in India, and henceforward the house will be the rallying point for all members home on leave from the East. The Branch celebrated its sixth birthday on November 22, when the customary service or rededication preceded a musical evening. Miss Ellen Wilkinson followed a week later with an interesting talk on the aims and ideals of the Labour Party, while on December 6 the Branch discussed extension in its own area, particularly in Holborn and Kentish Town. Guest-nights take place every Thursday as usual, and fixtures are as follows: January 17, Major Bavin on "How to Listen to Music"; January 24, A. W. Dean, M.P., on "The Conservative Party"; January 31, Cecil Thomas on "Sculpture"; February 7, G. C. Drake on "Westminster Abbey." HARROW has just celebrated its second birthday, and the group continues to grow steadily. Various talks have produced new jobs, and contacts in Roxeth have produced what may be the nucleus of another group.

Another milestone in the career of the *Entertainments Committee* was reached on November 24, when the total of the committee's dramatic and concert performances since its formation in 1923 was brought up to 200. The Drama League sent up the second century with a performance of *Hay Fever* at St. Andrew's Hospital, Northampton. A public performance of *Hay Fever* is being given on January 22 at the Blackfriars Theatre. The next production in the regular thrice-yearly series of London shows will be Frederick Lonsdale's comedy *The High Road*, which will

be presented at the Cripplegate Theatre, E.C.1 on Tuesday and Wednesday, February 5 and 6. Tickets (1s. 2d., 2s. 4d., 3s. 6d., 5s. 9d. and 7s. 6d.) may be obtained from the Hon. Business Director, 4, Montem Road, S.E.23.

The Swimming Section of the *London Sports Club* hold their second annual general meeting

at Headquarters on February 4. The first year's work has been a real success. An invitation has been received from the London Water Polo League to join them. All Toc H swimming enthusiasts should write to the Secretary, J. W. Goodwillie, 23, Cautley Avenue, Clapham Common, S.W.4.

Home Counties and Eastern Areas

The *West Surrey District* held a Guest-night on November 24. WEYBRIDGE have nearly completed their new headquarters. The Branch collectors for the hospital contributory scheme have surpassed last year's effort by more than 50 per cent. Members have decided to help the Endowment Fund by putting at least 1d. on the table at every Branch meeting. GUILDFORD helped a two-days' bazaar for the Wesleyan Church, which raised over £300, and members attending a meeting of "Copec" and a town meeting concerning the distress in South Wales, volunteered in both cases to help. A member is organising the blood transfusion service for the County Hospital. A member, who has become a Scoutmaster, took a revue company of boys to the Brookwood Mental Hospital with great success. The local Rotary Club has offered help to Toc H in boys' work; the Branch is also in touch with the local Crusaders, the Jubilee Nurses organisation, the Y.M.C.A. and the police-court missionaries, and have helped all these in one way or another. Godalming, like

Weybridge, is also working on a new headquarters, an old building which requires a good deal of repair to make it habitable; a small chapel will be made there. The District Guest-night, to be held at Godalming on January 17, will serve as its "housewarming." It is hoped, as the result of a ladies' Guest-night, that L.W.H. will soon be going in Godalming. One of WOKING'S regular jobs is stewarding the Sunday evening concerts, which keep many young people off the streets with nowhere to go; the Group was entirely responsible for the programme on December 16. A "Grove" has been started at FRENTHAM, near Farnham, with good prospects. LEATHERHEAD Group (which, by its own wish remained a "Grove" for over six months) has 38 members and is very busy.

In *East Anglia* CLACTON-ON-SEA sent twenty lads and lassies to the Birthday Festival in London, who returned full of renewed spirit. They have been collecting and renovating toys to give to children whose out-of-work fathers cannot afford Christmas presents.

West Midlands Area

A successful concert was organised on behalf of the *Birmingham District* by "Nickie" (Norman Nichols) and was held at the Birmingham Grand on Sunday evening, November 25. The theatre was full and a really good concert was thoroughly enjoyed. It is hoped to hand over about £140 to the Endowment Fund as the result of this concert. The Birmingham District Committee have in hand arrangements for the running of a Sunday

Night Club in one of the congested areas in Birmingham, with the object of giving folk something better to do than tramping the streets on Sunday nights (*see article on p. 5*).

KIDDERMINSTER deplores the dearth of corporate jobs. Individually they are well employed. A simple but impressive service was held at the Group's H.Q. on Armistice night. The loss to the Group of their Padre, Ted Turner, is Brighton's gain.

West Riding and Central Yorks Area

In January, 1928, Denaby men, with the help of Mexborough Branch, launched a Group under the name of "Denaby Main." In July the name was changed to DENABY AND CONISBOROUGH. After a period in a disused bank, kindly lent by the landlord, it was decided to make for permanent headquarters. Eventually members embarked on an imposing building of brick, to be built by their own labour. A colliery official advanced the money with which they bought a plot of land in the heart of Denaby; the Denaby and Cadeby Colliery Co. supplied bricks and mortar free, and the Group set joyfully to work in September. Several local bricklayers, not members of Toc H, came forward and offered their services. Money has now to be raised for woodwork, plumbing, plastering, glazing, decorating and furnishing, as only £30 is at present available for these purposes. But the Group is quite confident that the hall will be free of debt by the end of 1929. The hall will be 56 ft. long by 35 ft. wide, with a stage, dressing room and kitchen, and as there is no

church hall or other smaller place with a piano (Toc H has already bought the piano) in Denaby available for meetings and concerts, it is thought that deserving causes will benefit greatly by its use.

BRIGHOUSE are rejoicing at the completion of their first big job—the raising of £500 for a Brighthouse "Boots for Bairns" Fund. This has been handed over to the Corporation, who have offered to give Brighthouse Toc H 5 per cent. in perpetuity. The job has taken just over twelve months. The Group will now set out to raise money for the Endowment Fund, for which their hands have been too full up to now.

The Birthday Celebration of RETFORD Group commenced with a Guest-night on October 20, when Ronnie Grant gave a talk and "Mac" (Hon. Visitor, Sheffield) and Arthur Lodge (Area Secretary) spoke. At Church parade on the following day "Bindle," the Retford padre, preached, and in the afternoon "Mac" again addressed an enthusiastic meeting.

East Yorks and Lincs Area

From GOOLE comes news of a successful sale of work on November 6, when the substantial sum of £39 was added to the Branch Building Fund, and of a corporate meeting with the Brotherhood and Sisterhood movements in Goole on Armistice day. "Light" was observed on both occasions.

SCUNTHORPE reports participation in the Lincs Boys' Camp and the organisation of a Flag Day for Dr. Barnardo's Home, whereby £50 was raised. £25 was sent to the Endowment Fund as the result of a Garden Party and Self-Denial Week. Scunthorpe hope soon to hear of a Group in Newark, as one of their oldest and keenest members has gone to live there. Regular jobs, which are

plentiful, include a monthly social service for Deaf and Dumb.

At the LINCOLN Guest-night on October 5 the principal speakers were Major Belcher and Padre Molyneux. The Lord Bishop of Lincoln, who addressed the Branch on November 5, celebrated at the Corporate Communion which concluded the Armistice Vigil, the Branch Armistice service being held on November 12, when new members were initiated. A Toc H window show was held in the City from November 12 to 17, and on November 30 assistance was given at a mass meeting in aid of the Slum Clearance Scheme. *She Stoops to Conquer* was given for the Blind Association on November 5.

Northern Area

Encouraged by the public interest aroused last year it was decided to repeat the performance of the (original) Toc H Masque in

Newcastle. A larger theatre was taken and the performance was given, not only on the evening of Armistice Sunday, but on the

following Sunday evening. There was a larger choir than last year, and societies, such as the British Legion, Y.M.C.A., Boy Scouts, St. John Ambulance Brigade and the League of Nations Union, again joined in the final pageant. The Lord Mayor of Newcastle (Arthur Lambert, M.C.), who has been a staunch supporter of the Newcastle Branch and House, said the words of Remembrance at the Ceremony of Light, which concluded the Masque, and Barkis himself was present to say the words at the final performance. It seems only right here to make special mention of the splendid support of the L.W.H.

This winter it is hoped to make the Mark a centre for adult educational work. Special courses of lectures on literature, art, music, history and the Bible, have been arranged, open to members of the public. The first course, on Shakespearean Tragedy by Canon C. E. Osborne, one of the most versatile scholars on Tyneside, was well supported. Sunday evening squashes are being continued, and "squash" is the right word for some of the recent "At Homes." MORPETH, also, has adopted the idea of holding an At Home on Sunday evenings.

Owing to the severe industrial depression, it has not been possible to do very much in this area for the Endowment Fund Appeal, but a special committee has been formed to push the Toc H Builder's Scheme.

The Tyneside rally, held at Gibson Street Hostel, Newcastle, on Saturday, December 1, again took the form of a debate. The subject this year was "That Toc H is failing to deal with the main issues." Earlier in the year Cullercoats Group lapsed, but only for the purpose of revival in a more central position, and it was decided at a well-attended meeting at MONKSEATON, further along the coast, to start a "Grove" there. Meantime, the NORTH SHIELDS Group makes steady progress and has done useful work in connection with the Migration Scheme.

The value of the District Committee has been shown by the revival of the FELLING Group, encouraged and supported by other

families in the district. DURHAM members secured a very useful little hall in the centre of the city, and are maintaining a Scout Troop, previously run by the University.

In the Tees-side district there have recently been several changes of Headquarters, and it is interesting to note that several of them now use an "Upper Room." "Bill" Palin, the Tees-side District Padre (who has recently been appointed Vicar of Thornaby) dedicated MIDDLESBRO'S new Headquarters on All Saints Day, November 1. The Branch re-dedication was held in Nunthorpe Church on Armistice night. The Area Padre conducted the re-dedication of GRANGETOWN Branch in their Upper Room, formerly the offices of the local council, now used by Grangetown, not only as Branch premises, but as a club for the Blind. The new Headquarters of WEST HARTLEPOOL, again an Upper Room, spacious and most attractively decorated, were opened on November 8.

A letter received by one of the Branches from a local hospital committee thanked the members especially for "their reliable dependability." It is good to note that Jobmasters are taking special care to see that the jobs are not only undertaken, but maintained.

SOUTH BANK have so far completed their new headquarters, an unimposing yet serviceable hut, that they are able to hold their meetings and Guest-nights therein. There is, however, considerable work to do before they write *finis* to its erection and furnishing. In appreciation of work done in the district the Cleveland and South Durham Institute of the Blind have appointed the branch to be their Local Committee.

The Branch's biggest jobs at the moment consist of two separate Boys' Clubs, one of which is run for lads placed on probation at the local police court. The boys at both clubs are well provided for in the way of amusements. Billiards, table tennis, boxing and instructional talks tend to bring some brightness into their present rather drab existence.

North-Western Area

MANCHESTER and District were able to reserve two and a half coaches on a special half-day excursion train to London for the Birthday Festival. Starting an hour late in a thick fog, only five of the 140 members of the party were able to get inside Westminster Abbey before the service began. The chief drawback of the excursion was that members missed the Sunday events of the Festival, arriving home at 5 a.m. that morning. For the benefit of those unable to go to London a birthday party was held at Manchester Y.M.C.A., after a thanksgiving service at St. Ann's Church. 350 members and friends were present, including those from Bolton and Salford Districts and Merseyside. "Mac" (Sheffield) told some tales of Talbot House; "Oogaf" spoke on "Creating Harmony, Consecrating Humour, and Conquering Hate"; Northwich and Great Budworth Concert Party played *Mrs. Hamblett records her Vote*.

The activities of BLACKPOOL include

eleven weeks of "weeding and tidying up" in a sick nurseryman's garden, wheeling out a cripple "to see the illuminations," blind visiting and wireless installing. An overdue report records the visit on August Bank Holiday of "a fine set of blokes from America" and goes on to observe that "if they were an example of the Yankee Toc H'ers, then Toc H should go with a swing in the States." Armistice was observed by co-operating in the local procession, the placing of a wreath at the Cenotaph and attending Divine Service at the C. of E. Padre's church in the evening. Topical jobs include "the arranging of a Kiddies' (poor) Christmas Party, complete with Father Christmas."

A report of satisfactory progress comes from RAMSBOTTOM, where at a Guest-night in November "Sawbones" received a hearty welcome on his initial visit. The Group attended evensong at the local church on Armistice Day to hear him preach.

South Coast, Wessex and West Country Areas

SHOREHAM AND LANCING find Group permanent jobs still going strongly. Books and periodicals collected for local institutions in 1928 have reached a total of nearly 2,000. A parade with the British Legion and attendance at the Remembrance Service at the parish church were features of Armistice Day. "A little informal gossip" on Poppy Day resulted in an extra £4 being added to the Poppy sale revenue.

SOUTHAMPTON'S 1928 Birthday Festival forms a landmark in the history of Toc H in the district, as, for the first time, Southampton met, not as a single Branch, but as a family. With some misgivings the members of the Branch decided to set out with a new policy in January last, a policy of expansion. It was generally acknowledged that one unit concentrated at Bassett could not undertake to do the work in the town with any real degree of efficiency; and it was recognised that a number of units diffused throughout the area would be able to deal with the work better.

The change, so easy in theory, was by no means easy to carry out. The Branch was considerably weakened by the loss of members, and the new Groups were small in numbers and faced with new problems amid new surroundings. It was an uphill task, but enterprise and initiative won through, and the re-union at the Birthday Festival showed that three new Groups had been firmly established.

The service of re-dedication held in St. Mary's Church was similar to that held at Westminster Abbey in December, 1927. It was indeed fitting that amongst many old friends of Toc H who were gathered together both Lord Forster and Tubby Clayton were present to take part. At the Dolphin Hotel a large gathering met together to renew old friendships and make new ones. Over 180 members were present, including members from Cowes, Portsmouth, Burwash, Shirley, Dockhouse, Southampton Town, Bournemouth, Wimborne, Boldre, Cranbury, Woolston

and Eastleigh, and the festival augurs well for the future of Toc H in the district.

The EAST COWES banner was consecrated in November, in the parish church, when the service was conducted by the Group Padre, the Rev. B. R. Keir Malliet. The Rushlights of East Cowes and RYDE were lighted for the observance of "Light." The East Cowes Rushlight was presented to the Group by Sir George and Lady Sheddton, in memory of their son, Capt. C. P. Sheddton, 35th Battery, R.G.A., who died October 31, 1914, of wounds received at Chateau Hooge.

PORTSMOUTH goes well since its rebirth. On November 15 a re-dedication service was held in the Mission Church of St. Faith, and members afterwards adjourned to their new headquarters in Matrimony Street for a typical "house warming." Four days later the room was opened as an "Everyman's Club" for unemployed men. Toc H members and friends, including some city councillors, gave a warm welcome to out-of-work men, and the club will be open every night, including Sunday, from 7 to 10 p.m. On November

25, Tubby, who was visiting his old parish of St. Mary, Portsea, was unofficially "at home" to Toc H at its headquarters, and his humour and encouragement left members much happier.

The sudden death of "Ben" Adshead on October 21 at the Boscombe Hospital, where he had undergone a serious operation, cast a gloom over the Toc H Week at BOURNEMOUTH. "Ben" had been Hon. Sec. of the Bournemouth Branch for some six months and was a very dear comrade to all his brother members. He was an earnest and zealous worker, a true servant of the Master, and his loss is deeply deplored.

From BRISTOL comes news of games with the Royal Artillery and the Dockland Settlement, and a Birthday Party. The re-dedication service, held in the Lord Mayor's Chapel, was conducted by Bill Maddock, with a sermon by Canon D. V. E. Narborough. Members were present from Fishponds Grove, Brislington, Eastville and Gloucester Groups, and Bath Branch. Among speakers at Guest-nights has been the principal of the Blind School.

Wales

WREXHAM Group progresses. It sends news of its transfer to splendid new quarters with a successful house warming and banner presentation, visits from Ronnie Grant, Higgon and Noel Phillipps on November 29, when the advancement of Toc H in North and Mid Wales was discussed. Wrexham has given birth to a group at LAMPETER (Town)

and other Groves and contacts are developing. Jobs include poor law hospital visiting and establishment of library, scouting, work amongst the blind, securing employment for discharged prisoners and other unemployed, and the establishment of a progressive group of L.W.H. membership increases in quality and quantity.

Scotland

DUNDEE, besides its normal activities, entertained thirty "down-and-out" ex-Servicemen on December 27, as they had happily done a year before. On January 15 they hold a birthday festival—their first. An old lady

of 80, for whom the group had installed a wireless set, has just died; she told a member that in 50 years of blindness "she had received many useful gifts but never one which was such a blessing as the wireless."

Ireland, Northern Section

The BELFAST Branch and the Newsboys' Club have had a great loss in the death of Michael F. Duggan. His enthusiasm and unselfishness were remarkable, and he died

in the service of the club. The Branch Treasurer was with him in hospital to the end, and his last words were "That's the spirit of Toc H." On the evening of his death the

ordinary branch meeting became a memorial service, 35 being present. On November 25, Mr. Gibbon, headmaster of Campbell College, spoke to the Branch on "The Boy." On December 4 members discussed "Gambling" and raffles. The choice of subject was due to a correspondence with Headquarters which had received protests from various Branches and Groups because of an appeal, involving a raffle, which had been sent round on behalf of the Belfast Newsboys' Club. Although the Branch decided that, so far as the action of the sub-committee of the club was concerned, they had no jurisdiction, they also felt that, as Toc H takes credit for the club, it would be pharisaical to disown responsibility. The

meeting went on to consider the general question of the evils of gambling, on which there was discussion but no two opinions. Thirteen delegates from the Area (including three from Armagh, two from Carrickfergus and two of the L.W.H.) attending the Birthday Festival in London, and on December 11 three of them gave accounts of it to the Branch. As an immediate consequence of a new link with "Sawbones" the Branch decided to take steps for an Area Conference in January. CARRICKFERGUS have held their second birthday. The numbers at the LURGAN Boys' Club have surpassed all expectations, and in the Press we see thanks to the ARMAGH Group from a Board of Guardians.

News from Overseas Branches and Groups

AUSTRALIA

Ye Old Englische Faire in BRISBANE in aid of Toc H general funds was thoroughly successful, and £1,000 was realised. The interest of Brisbane children was aroused by a poster design competition which was won by a lassie of 11 years. *New South Wales* is rejoicing in the arrival of Ted Davidson, returned from two years in Manchester to be its new State Padre. Ted is back in his native hamlet of SYDNEY.

In *Victoria* the MELBOURNE L.W.H. organised a gymkhana on November 17 in the grounds of Merton Hall. On October 11 the FITZROY Group (nicknamed the "Sautes" by Tubby because they used to meet on Fridays and eat fish and potatoes) held their annual rededication on a day of warm, bright sunshine. There was an early morning Communion Service in St. Paul's Cathedral, followed by breakfast, and in the evening members of the Melbourne City and suburban Branches and Groups met round the tea table. Top Baxter was in the chair afterwards, and the main speaker was Dr. A. E. Floyd, organist of St. Paul's Cathedral, who had sacrificed some hours of a hard-earned holiday to give Toc H a very fine and original talk; his running commentary as he accompanied the songs was one of the gems of the evening. Padre Baldwin gave the dedicatory

address; the Group, in the light of the Rushlight, rededicating itself, using the "Giving of Thanks" from the *Toc H Treasury*; and Dr. Floyd led the company into the singing of "The Inheritance." Supper followed in lighter vein, but through the whole evening the words of a well-known evening hymn seemed to run—"Thy touch has still its ancient power." From ADELAIDE comes the news that Bob Cave the *South Australian* Registrar, while escaping from a burning building by a rope from a third-floor window, fell to the ground through the rope breaking. He suffered a broken ankle and fractured skull, in addition to badly chafed hands. It is good to learn that he is recovering. PERTH celebrated its birthday on September 21. Many friends of the Family assembled in the Burt Memorial Hall for tea and the evening festival, with an adjournment after the meal to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church for a short thanksgiving service. The festivities were presided over by Sir William Campion, the State Governor, and the very active head of the *Western Australian* Family, and President of Toc H Australia. The celebration culminated next morning with Corporate Communion, and Family Breakfast. All Australia is promised a real good time at the Australian Festival to be held at Perth (*see p. 5*).

In a letter to Tubby, dated October 19, Bert Overett, the Secretary of Lambton Grove, says: "Since your visit to Newcastle over three years ago, Toc H has been gradually growing until our (Newcastle) membership is well over one hundred. Our Grove has fourteen probationary members serving their time visiting the sick and painting houses and fences of war widows and pensioners. On October 17 we unveiled two photographs of Elder Brethren, Padre Hines of Newcastle officiating. We owe you and Lord Forster much for what you have done for forwarding the movement in Australia, especially when one visits Newcastle Cathedral and sees the red-covered rituals, the Parent Lamp and the beautiful recumbent bronze beneath its four

lights. . . . Both Jones and I were at Talbot House in 'seventeen so we know how and hope to carry on the good work here." Bert is shift electrician on the electric cranes at Carrington. In his postscript he says "Any overseas seafaring Toc H men visiting Newcastle have only to ask for Bert the Electrician on the wharf and I will do all I can to entertain them." In his reply Tubby touches on the Birthday Festival, and says: "Prophets and Kings have desired to see this thing and have not seen it as it may now be seen to-day. And this is only the beginning. We must keep the real aim quietly ahead, when long years hence, if God so will, Toc H shall play its part in the regeneration and rededication of our race throughout the world."

BELGIUM

YPRES Group took part in a Memorial Service at the Menin Gate on Armistice morning, nearly everyone of the British Colony gathering under the Group Banner and the Flag of the British Legion. The service was conducted by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Stanton Batty, Bishop of Fulham and of Northern and Central Europe, assisted by the British Chaplain at Ypres, the Rev. G. R. Milner. *Last Post* and *Reveille* were sounded by Dick Collick, an Ypres member. In the evening the Group joined in a Torchlight procession, forming in the Grand Place and marching to the Menin

Gate and thence to the Belgian Memorial. On December 11 the Group held its annual dinner and dance at Skindles' Hotel. No invitations were issued, but anyone, Belgian or British, who wished to come could buy tickets; 56 mustered for dinner and 70 or 80 joined in the dancing and community singing. It was one of the pleasantest evenings ever spent in the town, and has advanced the reputation of Toc H there. Scope for doing jobs in Ypres is limited, but the Group feels that it is serving its probation for Branch status in the near future.

CANADA

The publication has been authorised by the B.C. Provincial Executive of Toc H of a news-sheet, *Tocaitch*, the first issue of which was made in November. The news feature in the first issue was the announcement of the Birthday Festival on December 15, when Groups were asked to send at least one member and the Lamp or Rushlight. The Endowment Drive planned to begin on February 1, 1929, is for support of the appointment of a full-time man and the Toc H in Training Week set out to raise funds for the same object. Since the B.C. Executive meeting the Nomination Committee has passed the first batch of memberships from PRINCE

GEORGE. The VICTORIA Group has secured rooms on the fourth floor of the Board of Trade Building, while NORTH VANCOUVER is actively assisting the Victorian Order of Nurses cabaret. A party of organisers which visited *Chilliwack* gave a demonstration of Toc H exuberance that was the admiration of all Chilliwack beholders. KELOWNA, PRINCE RUPERT and TRAIL have been granted Group status. Padre W. A. Brown, M.M., late resident Padre of Mark III., VANCOUVER, has left to take up duties at St. James's Cathedral, Toronto. The Padre, who was principally responsible for the completion of the Mark III. Chapel,

was presented with a gold cross, suitably engraved, as a token of appreciation of his labours. TORONTO Birthday Festival was held in St. Alban's Cathedral Chapter House on December 8, with an address by Padre Archbold, of West Toronto Group, on "The Birthday Festival throughout the world," followed by the lighting of all the Rushlights from the "Byng of Vimy" Lamp. Weekly Guest-nights continue to be well supported, and the latest departure of devoting the last

Tuesday in the month to "Area Night," when each Group takes a turn at directing the proceedings, has proved an unqualified success; both the East and North Toronto Groups are to be congratulated on the excellence of their programmes. So far as jobs are concerned, activity is being well maintained. During the summer months contact has been established with new arrivals in Canada, many of whom have been helped in various ways.

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

From "The Sign of Toc H" for November, issued by Toc H National Headquarters, Washington, U.S.A., we cull the information of "a proposed get-together" at the new Utrecht Y.M.C.A. in Brooklyn for the purpose of "planting" Toc H in that section. This news is followed by that which tells that "the WASHINGTON Branch receives a gift from the mother of Gilbert Talbot, in the form of his biography. The Spirit of Toc H brings us close to many we have never seen."

PHILADELPHIA, Centre City, reports having had exceptionally fine speakers, and

the holding of a special service at Old Christ Church in mid October, when Padre Pryor McN. Grant spoke. NEW YORK sends news that quite a number of fine fellows are being attracted to the Group. Pat Leonard is back in the States. He contributes a fine "greeting" to "The Sign," and tells of a lantern lecture on "What is Toc H" on board the *Tuscania*, at the end of which "the hush and my complacency were alike shattered by the hoarse and penetrating whisper of an old lady in the front row asking her neighbour 'But what is Toc H'?"

MALTA

The first birthday of MALTA Group was celebrated on Sunday and Monday, November 11 and 12, with a service of Thanksgiving and Rededication in St. Paul's Cathedral, Valletta,

on Armistice Day, and a "grand beano" at "Porky Messam's Beanery" on the Monday. The celebrations were organised by Malta and H.M.S. RAMILLIES Groups.

EGYPT

The ranks of Toc H ALEXANDRIA were sadly depleted by the departure of several of the most energetic members for England, and the initiation of four new members was therefore an important event. Though still comparatively small in numbers, the Group's enthusiasm is unbounded. A dance was so popular that a monthly repetition of it has been asked for. A concert at the Seamen's Home for men off the boats was also a great success. The Annual Toc H Concert will be held on January 5. A Rugger accident to the Jobmaster gave him time to write to a large number of Hostels for Seagoing Boys in

various parts of the world, and some answers have been received. Armistice Day was observed in the usual manner; the organisation of the sale of poppies was in the hands of Toc H, and the receipts exceeded last year's by a wide margin. On November 19, Miss Dodd gave the Group a delightful talk, with illustrations, on "Liverpool Cathedral." At last the Group has found permanent headquarters in a central position. One of the most cherished ornaments in the room is a portrait of H.R.H. the Patron, which he autographed for them when passing through Alexandria on his South African tour.

INDIA

Reporting on the annual Toc H dance held in the Bombay Town Hall and organised by BOMBAY in aid of the Troopship Fund, the *Times of India* says "the Bombay Branch of Toc H should have a goodly sum left over towards ameliorating the lot of the wives and children of 'Thomas Atkins' when they disembark on arrival in the Gateway of India." A member in England has received from a business man in Bombay a letter in which he tells of a visit to the new hostel in Bombay. He says: "I was in the new Toc H hostel yesterday. It is a great idea and I only wish such a place and organisation had been in existence when I first came to India. I

somchow think it would have made a great difference to my life." Padre Reid is leaving India for good next June. The Branch attended a Memorial Service on Armistice evening at the Afghan Church, Colaba, one of the finest garrison churches in India. "Light" was observed, and the lessons were read by Hugh Clayton, Tubby's brother. The November *Lamp* of Toc H India contains news from LAHORE Group, with a verbatim report of the talk which Lt.-General Sir Charles ("Tim") Harington gave them on his visit to them on September 27. He ended with an offer to present the Group with a Banner when it attains Branch status.

MALAYA

The gallant *Little Journal* of Toc H, Malaya, reached Number 10 in October. SINGAPORE Wing, which has discovered the Y.M.C.A. to be a good and friendly meeting place, faces a new job, through the Bishop. This is to help local ladies who are looking after boys and find the elder ones rather a handful. KUALA LUMPUR report the best attended meeting they have had, with the Bishop as speaker. He dealt specially with the

problems of Malayan boys, especially in the interval between the help they receive from the Government Infant Welfare work and the time when they are eligible to be Scouts or members of the Street Boys' Club. The Wing took the problem much to heart and are considering it. Members working with the Street Boys' Club also give in the *Little Journal* some of their experiences with seven Chinese boys brought along by the police.

SOUTH AFRICA

The long report of the conference of the *Eastern Province* Executive at KEISKAMA HOEK on October 21, shows that representatives of Keiskama Hoek, Grahamstown, Alice, East London, Port Elizabeth, King Williams Town, Cookhouse and Queenstown were present, while Addo and Somerset East were represented by deputies. "Uncle" Harry Ellison opened the conference with "Light." The three sessions of the conference were almost entirely devoted to discussing in detail the report of the Registrars' Conference held on July 16-18, which covered a variety of important questions connected with the development of Toc H in South Africa.

The GRAHAMSTOWN scribe writes on Armistice Day to the Editor: "Uncle Harry has just left us and has asked us to let you know of the most delightful little meeting we

have just had with him. He came to us at a most opportune moment, at a time when we had just acquired a home of our own in the shape of the oldest house in Grahamstown, a place ideally suited to the purpose and most Toc H-y in atmosphere. I am enclosing a photograph of it (*see Plate V*). Padre Ellison's visit was a most apt occasion on which to hold a house-warming and the whole affair coincided, with perfect auspices, with Armistice Day. The house was filled with as many Toc H's and Emmas as it could contain, and when they had been filled with much tea and cake, Uncle Harry raised our spirits by a most glowing account of the good work that was being done in Canada. We felt that only such real things as the Toc H spirit could reach across the seas, as we experience; for we were conscious of a real kinship, a

kinship of ideals and ends, with those members of the family of whom he spoke, fighting to keep things going in the snows of the Canadian winter.

"Toc H is a thing that *goes*, and cannot stagnate, in any circumstances, but visits such as Padre Ellison's give it an impetus which is truly worth while. We all realise that the poor fellows who, like him, spend their time careering around whole continents to keep our Lamps alight, have tremendous jobs which need all the energy they can spare and much that they cannot; but it is not difficult to realise what inspiration it is that gives them strength to do it, when we feel the glorious effects of the efforts that they make on our behalf. And when I say 'our' I mean the whole of the Toc H Brotherhood. Uncle Harry asked us just to let you know of to-day's little gathering to give you an inkling of how things were going in South Africa, but it is a most apt opportunity for us, over here, to thank him, and those who sent him, for the help that we derive from such visits."

ADDO Group reports: "Our progress here is slow but, we all hope, sure. Distances make it impossible to hold meetings more often than monthly. These are always well attended. Our big job at present is running and financing a Troop of Boy Scouts. The smaller jobs we tackle as they come along. We had 'Uncle Harry' and Mrs. Ellison with us for two joyous days during October. Whilst he spoke at a general meeting of those interested in the movement his better half-section was busy with a gathering of potential Toc Emmas. In the evening we had our regular meeting in 'Toc H Cottage,' when several who had been brought in touch with Toc H for the first time that afternoon again attended. Next morning Padre Ellison told the senior youngsters at the Settlers' School something about Toc H. They listened to him with rapt attention. Some visits to old acquaintances, a trip to the 'Look Out,' and all too soon the evening train sped our visitors away to other Toc H centres eagerly awaiting their arrival."

And the "Probationer Scribe" of ADE-LAIDE (C.P.), the latest Group, writes: "Toc

H is spreading fast in this part of our country (Eastern Province and Border) under the influence and guidance of Registrar Oldfield at Keiskama Hoek. ALICE, a town about 40 miles from us, already has its Toc H Lamp; FORT BEAUFORT, about 25 miles off, has its Group. Fort Beaufort held their ordinary meeting here on August 23, and after several of their 'blokes' had explained the spirit of Toc H to us, quite a number expressed their desire to build here. We then resolved into a meeting of our own, and appointed an executive of Foundation members, who travelled over to Fort Beaufort accompanied by a couple of others on September 4. Alice came with their Lamp and our six were initiated. Regular bi-monthly meetings have been held since and just recently we enjoyed a visit from Uncle Harry and Mrs. Ellison who explained everything to us. We are busy preparing for our first jobs, fixing up a small collection of Toc H literature as a nucleus for a library, and arranging our first Guest-night, so that we shall very soon be well on our way with the good work."

In *Griqualand West*, KIMBERLEY continues to experience "that Kruschen feeling." The refreshment buffet it is running at the local open-air cinema during the summer months in aid of the Boy Scouts Jamboree fund, and the fund to equip a children's playground in the Public Gardens is proving successful not only financially, but in developing the team spirit in the Group, as the "blokes," with the assistance of the Scouts, take it in turn every night to be on duty. The City Council has granted a large piece of ground in the Public Gardens for the purpose of a children's playground to be equipped and run by the Group, and is also assisting in the levelling and surfacing. The Provincial Lamp, since the last report appeared, has rested in the Presbyterian Church and has now been handed over to the Wesleyan Church, where it will stay for the remaining period of its six months in Kimberley, after which it goes back to Bloemfontein for six months there. On October 24, the Group received half the profits from the screening of

Beau Geste. A third of the amount has been allocated to the Endowment Fund, a third to the Children's Playground, and the remaining third used for Group funds and extension work. The Provincial Conference held at Kimberley on November 17 was an unqualified success. It was the biggest and most representative of its kind yet held, there being delegates present from BLOEMFONTEIN, KIMBERLEY, BARKLY WEST, VRYBURG, WINDSORTON and MAFEKING. BETHELHEM and KOFFIEFONTEIN were unable to send anybody (Bethlehem being some 300 miles away, while Koffiefontein has no railway line connecting it with Kimberley). VRYBURG "Grope," which has only been going a month, and is 120 miles distant, sent four representatives, while from Mafeking, about 200 miles by train, there came Reid, late of Bulawayo and Port Elizabeth Groups. With the help of Vryburg, Mafeking should soon be on our map. This extension to *Bechuanaland* is very gratifying and means that the province now has a threefold name so far as Toc H is concerned. The discussions of the conference included finance, it being decided to pool the expenses of those attending conferences, and jobs, the talk concerning these being continued in the grounds of the Alexandersfontein Hotel the next morning. An address by the two Imperial Scout Commissioners, Mr. Arthur Gaddum (County Commissioner, Lancashire) and Major M. D. Mawe (Assistant County Commissioner, Worcester) on how Toc H could help the Scouts generally by the supply of man power, and the strengthening of the Rovers, proved full of interest and should lead to good results. It was a sad moment for the "blokes" when Padre Harry Devis took his farewell as Registrar, in which capacity he has done yeoman service for the past two years. Harry is proceeding to England at the end of the year, and in his stead the conference elected Padre C. R. Browne, of the South African Railway Mission, Bloemfontein, who has lengthy experience of Toc H work in England. A combined Birthday Festival of the Kimberley, Barkly West, Windsorton and Koffiefontein Groups was held at Kimberley on December 8,

the service at St. Cyprian's Cathedral and the Guest-night afterwards synchronising as nearly as possible with the celebrations in London. On December 19, Kimberley Group, in conjunction with the local automobile club, planned a motor car treasure hunt to raise funds for the distribution of Christmas cheer for the aged poor of the town, as was done last year, the blokes undertaking personal delivery. The jobs in hand of late have required all the man power of the Group, and it has not yet been possible to start work on a local Schools Service Bureau.

From *Rhodesia* comes No. 2 of *A News Letter for the information of Groups in Northern and Southern Rhodesia and Portuguese East Africa*—five typed foolscap pages. The first Registrar of Rhodesia, M. W. M. Watson, says "good-bye," and commends R. C. Tredgold, his successor, to members; Thos. Cook and Son suggest that Rhodesian members (who are presumably millionaires) should attend the Australian Toc H Birthday at Perth in May; and there is much news from the Branch and Groups in the country. UMTALI Branch reports a big Carnival to raise funds for a Toc H Room. SALISBURY'S "hospital squad" visits the hospital *every day*: "on some nights half the Group are to be seen meandering round the wards." With the matron's help, this visiting is systematically arranged, so that no patient who wishes for a visit is left out. The L.W.H. Group at Salisbury and their "Grope" at UMTALI also report most enthusiastically about Mrs. Ellison's visit to them. And QUE QUE, in welcoming the *News Letter*, suggests that hints about jobs from other units would be most useful.

The Secretary of BROKEN HILL, writing to the Registrar at Headquarters, says: "A remarkable thing about Broken Hill is that the people are always complaining about there being nothing to do in the village—yet if you ask them to do anything they invariably reply that they 'really have not got a moment to themselves.' . . ." However, the "blokes," in spite of limited time, manage to do quite an odd spot of work

in the line of jobs. Probably "Uncle" Harry has told you all about our Park scheme. A number of the members give up every Sunday morning doing "Munts" (native's) work at the Park (the temperature in the shade being in the vicinity of 100 degrees). Still, they make the sacrifice cheerfully, even although they lose several pounds in weight each week (*see Plate v*).

Recently we were successful in raising sufficient funds to purchase a gramophone for the hospital; now we are scrounging round for records. We are fortunate in having tons of jobs to do, the difficulty is finding time to do them; still, they manage to get done.

The BEIRA correspondent writes: "Until the advent of a real Toc H personality, *viz.* Padre Ellison, to Beira, it is possible that the Toc H Group might have just struggled on with the few members who stoutly refused to believe that it was impossible to maintain the interest of eligible young (and perhaps old) men in Beira in our great movement. . . .

One of his first jobs here was to find us meeting place, a difficulty which, until his arrival, had caused us considerable concern: he was with us but three days but this is only one of the great services he rendered. During his stay he managed to fit a trip up the River Pungwe, accompanied by those Toc H members and friends who could conveniently go (*see picture on Plate v*). . . . Toc H has been considerably made known in recent months by causing to be produced an amateur theatrical show for the benefit of charity, running dances for the express purpose of helping to fill the coffers of St. Dunstan's, and crowned its efforts on Armistice Day this year by arranging for Poppy Day to be held in Beira—the first since its inception. As a result of this and proceeds from Armistice Sunday services we have been able to forward to Earl Haig's fund a sum amounting to £108 and without "blowing our own trumpet" consider this sum, for a first attempt, quite respectable for Beira with a British community of about 500."

A TOC H POSTER

THE Poster, reproduced on a small scale on Plate I (*see opposite*), was primarily intended to advertise the Guest-night at the Albert Hall on December 12. It was designed and painted by B. B. in the studio of Cecil Thomas (the sculptor of the Forster memorial in All Hallows) who freely gave much help and advice one busy week-end. It represents, of course, the Spirit of Toc H (as Russell Thorndike actually played the part in the *Birthday Masque*), wearing the arms of Ypres on breast and cloak, and standing with his arms spread like a cross—youth ready for service and sacrifice—against the opening dawn. The general idea was quite frankly taken from William Blake's drawing of "Glad Day" (*see August JOURNAL*). The poster is lithographed in clear, bold colours. Another version, differently treated, was reproduced by the three-colour process on the cover of the Birthday Festival programme.

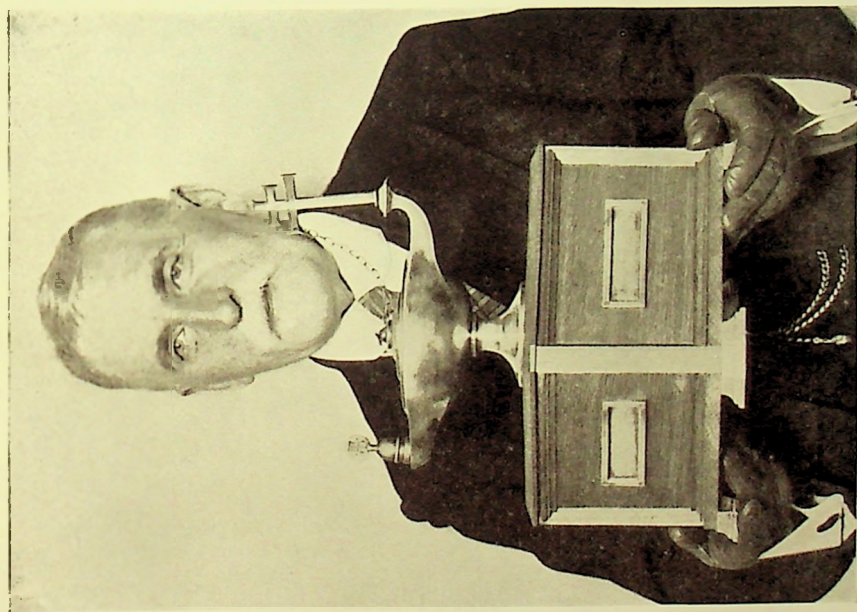
Copies of the poster are now available for the use of Branches and Groups. The picture is printed on a sheet with a wide blank space top and bottom, so that any Toc H unit can have its own wording printed on it for the purposes of a local festival or bazaar, etc. The picture can also be used, of course, to decorate Toc H rooms. The picture is reproduced in two sizes—11 ins. by 14 ins. (on a sheet measuring 15 ins. by 20 ins.), and 17½ ins. by 21 ins. (on a crown quarto sheet—20 ins. by 30 ins.). The price of the smaller size is 8d., of the larger 9d.; there is no reduction on quantity as this is the lowest price possible. Order from the Registrar.

NOTE: Among the small number of invited guests at the Albert Hall on December 8 were a Belgian lady and her husband. Mme. van Steene (formerly Mlle. Cassey) was known to thousands of men in the salient as "Ginger" of Poperinghe (*see Plate IX*). Writing of the four chief restaurants of the town in war-time Tubby says, "Second came *A la Grande Poupée* behind a shop in the Square, where the thirteen-year-old schoolgirl 'Ginger' had already established her fame. Any defect in the cuisine or in the quality of the champagne were more than compensated by the honour of being chosen as her partner in the exhibition dance which she gave with the utmost decorum as the evening drew on." *Tales of Talbot House*, p. 23). A happy chance discovered M. and Mme. van Steene in London just in time to bring them to the Albert Hall.



*"Ginger" (Eliane Cassidy)
da Foyse - Leperinghe
1914-1918*

(See note on p. 48)



M. SOBRY, C.B.E., BURGOMASTER OF YPRES
BEARING THE CITY OF YPRES LAMP

(Express Photos)



Design by R. Bell.

Photo: Lane Baldwin.

ST. CLARE WINDOW IN THE CRYPT OF ALL HALLOWS,
BERKYNGECHIRCHE, GIVEN BY THE T.O.C.H. LEAGUE OF
WOMEN HELPERS. UNVEILED, DECEMBER 7, 1928, BY
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK (*see p. 27*).